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FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, June 30, 1836.

London is in a political ferment. The House of Lords have thrown aside the Amended Corporation Bill (for Ireland) by a majority of 97. The Commons are full of indignation. What is called "the crisis" is said to be at hand, and we have rumors of impeachment of Ministers, dissolution of Parliament, prorogation of Parliament, creation of New Peers, and such marvels of political conjuring as would set Katerfetto's hair on end once more.

The Norton and Melbourne affair is—forgotten. The lady is among the world again, and may hold up her head with the purest. So much for the verdict of a jury—it wipes away all stains.

The hon. Mrs. Norton was in the Zoological Gardens, London, on Sunday last, with her sister, Mrs. Blackwood, and a large party of fashionables. She has since left for Paris. Lord Wynford has addressed a letter to the Editor of the *Standard*, in which his Lordship states, that he had not seen Mr. Norton, nor had any communication with him before the late action was brought, nor with him nor his professional advisers since; and that he knew nothing of the merits of the case, nor of the witnesses by whose testimony it was attempted to be supported.

The adventures of Thomas Jefferson Whitlaw, (by Mrs. Trollope) with 15 illustrations by Hervieu, will be published this week. The puff paragraphs tell us that "the work abounds with humorous incidents, to which additional effect is given by the rich classical phraseology of the States. The ridiculous anomalies to be found in the social condition of that special land of freedom, in the barbarous Lynch-law, and other atrocities, connected with slavery, and the false position of the Quadroon females, (so repulsive to every moral feeling,) are lashed with the same ability which rendered her former work on the same subject so extensively popular." The chance is that the authoress has penned the above modest puff preliminary. Mrs. Trollope's day is nearly over—but she writes very smartly.

Mr. Bunn has been in our Courts of law twice this week,—Vandenhoff got £162 damages, (nine weeks' salary at 18*l.* a-week) against Bunn of Drury-lane. Bunn, anxious to get rid of his *corps dramatique*, abridged his season, and turned them all off: re-engaging such as he wanted. Charles Kemble was one of the witnesses. He said, in his examination, that he considered the word "season" to mean 200 nights, usually beginning in September and ending in June; according to the practice of the theatre in the best times, the actors received their salaries as long as it continued open; the season does not close till some certain time, otherwise unfortunate actors could not regulate their domestic affairs, or enter into engagements, provincial or otherwise; they would not be able to make any permanent arrangements if they were liable to be turned on the world by the sudden and premature closing of the season; they might starve in fact." He further remarked that he was "afraid that the best times are gone; since theatres have fallen into the hands of lessees everything has gone topsy turvy; came to the stage in 1794; thinks his experience has been pretty extensive, coming down to 1829 or 1830; has known, but does not approve, of many recent innovations." Private boxes he considered great innovations.

In the case, (Bunn *vs.* Macready), the defendant suffered judgment to go by default, and, yesterday, the jury assembled to assess damages. Charles Kemble, Harley, T. Cook, Bartley, and other Thespians were present. Thessiger, the Chancery barrister was for Bunn, Sergeant Talfourd for Macready. It was proved that Macready did *not* draw at first price and that *the Jewess* did. Talfourd, for Macready, said the truth was that Mr. Bunn, having concluded an engagement with Madame Malibran, wished to get rid of Mr. Macready and his high salary, as he had already done with many other actors, at his own "convenient" season, though Mr. Dunn, the treasurer, swore that the usual season extended to nine months. He wound up thus:—

Gentlemen of the Jury: I hope you know something of the arduous and difficult profession of an actor. His existence begins by popular applause, his career is successful through its continuance, but old age, be the actor's merits what they may, stops him short, and his sun of glory is for ever set. Blast then his hopes, and what are his summer days? Blight his hopes, and what goodly fruit can result from them? Place Mr. Bunn at the garden-gate, and you will find your fruit, though ripe and tempting, is monopolised by him, and the "Tempest" and the "Wife" are not only "cabined, cribb'd, confined," but absolutely cushioned, or sent to the treasurer to ascertain the comparative attraction to the treasury. And yet Mr. Bunn is to cater for the public taste, indeed! Public taste! Have any of you, gentlemen, ever seen John Kemble in his glory—Mrs. Siddons in her might—Kean in the very whirlwind of his genius—or Charles Kemble, perhaps their equal—or Cooper, the quiet, and yet the readiest man of his day—have any of you, gentlemen, witnessed the exhibition of such personages? and if you have, can you imagine they can be insensible to insult and degradation? I do not believe it, and I am quite sure you do not. The life of the most successful actor is indeed but short: he plays in man's seven ages—he is king or pantaloon—he excels in his part—he is rewarded. But in steps a Mr. Bunn, blasts his hopes, destroys his peace, provokes his wrath, and then turns round, and asks a respectable jury like you for heavy damages. Gentlemen, you will do justice, not vengeance; gentlemen, you will not gratify the vindictive monopolist of an authors' genius and an actors' talent. Mr. Macready felt injured and insulted; he struck Mr. Bunn—a scuffle ensued, genius and right and strength triumphed—Mr. Bunn was the sufferer. What right had Mr. Bunn to be at once the monopolist of genius and the pleasure of an intellectual people? Authors' hopes, actors' services—ay, the lamp and light of poesy and science, were to be kept alive or extinguished at his bidding, and a word, a breath, was not to be heard; but he who committed treason againt taste and Shakspeare is to go unpunished. Was that to be endured in a country like this, where, to use the words of the poet,

> "Verse ceases to be airy thought,
> And sculpture to be dumb?

The jury gave a verdict of £150 against Macready. The damages and costs will be about £500 out of his pocket!

The Frankfort papers say that on June 16, Baron Lionel Rothschild was married to his cousin Charlotte. They announce that the marriage festival was held in the mansion of the Neapolitan Consul-General, Baron Charles Rothschild, the father of the bride. The splendor and wealth displayed on this occasion cannot be described—the whole mansion was comparable only to a fairy temple. The poor, too, shared largely in the generosity of the Rothschild family, which has long been known. The mother of the young bride was engaged nearly the whole day in distributing charity to the numerous poor that flocked in from the neighboring districts, the amount of which must have reached many thousand guilders. According to current report the marriage presents to the young couple themselves must have been of great pecuniary value. The bride and bridegroom have each a dower of £100,000.

The celebrated oculist, Privy Councillor Grafe, has given to the young Prince of Cumberland, the heir Presumptive to the Crown of Hanover, the most confident hopes of restoring his eye-sight. The operation is to be performed in September.

What think you of this announcement in one of this week's papers?—

TO INDEPENTENT GENTLEMEN.—Wanted by the Advertiser, a respectable modest Young Man, a Living without a Master—that is, he wishes to become a Companion to some Gentleman, and be his factotum. He can ride, sing, fish, (*but never better than his patron without he is wanted*,) keep accounts, see that servants do their duty, do twenty other things equally necessary in this life, and make it his whole study to please and be pleased.—Address S., to be left at 339 Strand.

Another attempt has been made to kill Louis Phillippe. The French papers communicate particulars. The following account of this tragic attack is copied from a second edition of the *Journal de Paris*, published at half-past ten o'clock on Saturday night:—

"This afternoon, at six o'clock, an assassin, armed with an air-gun in the form of a walking-stick, and who had taken his station under the gateway of the Tuilleries, which faces the Pont Royale, fired at the King, at so short a distance that the gun nearly touched his Majesty, while his Majesty was going out in his coach, with the Queen and Madame Adelaide, on his return to Neuilly. Providence has once more preserved the life of the King. No one was hurt. The King immediately put his head out of the window of the coach, and informed the anxious crowd that no harm had been done. The assassin was arrested on the spot. He made an attempt to stab himself, but was disarmed. In the first burst of indignation, the National Guards of the post appeared disposed to deal with the criminal in a summary way; but they ultimately preferred transferring him to the hands of justice. The Prefect of Police hastened to the spot, and made the assassin undergo an interrogatory. The King reached Neuilly at half-past six. The ball was found in the lining of the coach. On being taken into the guard-house, the criminal underwent an immediate examination, and stated his name to be *Allibeau*. His profession, *commis voyageur*, (travelling mercantile clerk.) His age 24."

ERIN.

ORIGINAL.—BY J. H. HEWITT, BALTIMORE.

Oh! Erin's the land of potatoes and whiskey,
  The home of the patriot, the scholar and friend;
Her girls are as beautiful as they are frisky,
  Her men possess spirits no tyrant can bend!
She stands all alone—the proud gem of the ocean,
  A tear-drop of Freedom turn'd into a pearl;
A spirit's abroad that will soon put in motion
  The storm that is waiting its wings to unfurl.

Her poets have harps that are fearless yet tender,
  Her legions have heroes in every file;
Her speakers are stars that but add to her splendor,
  And her woman to conquer, have only to smile.
Her Emmett, O'Connell—her Phillips and Grattan,
  Her Sheridan and her Anacreon Moore,
Are only a few that I now can hit pat on,
  Whose names will be blazing when our race is o'er.

They may talk as they please of an Irishman's blunder,
  Wit dwell's in the core, like a pearl in its shell;
An Irish fool may be call'd a tenth wonder,
  In the home of a *Curran*, there wit loves to dwell.
Good humour and mirth form a halo around them,
  And love warms their hearts with his magical wand;
And were it not for the fell chain that has bound them,
  What patriot would leave so delightful a land?

Then, here's to the land of the witty and fearless,
  The gem of the ocean—the Emerald isle;
Her sons *here* shall gaze on the eyes that are tearless,
  And learn from their radiance the sweets of a smile.
The children of Liberty welcome them hither,
  The Shamrock will thrive 'neath the shade of our tree;
Like plants of one soil they will flourish together,
  The dread of the tyrant—the pride of the free!

TRUE TO THE LETTER.—An Irishman stepped into a lawyer's office yesterday morning, and said—"Plaze your worship, I have wrought two days for Mr. C——, a stevedore, at $1,50 per day—I went to him on Saturday night for my pay, and he told me to go to the *Devil*; so I come, your worship to see what you would be after doing for me." **Boston Post.**

ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.—Through some mistake, a gentleman in the south of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor challenged the intruder, and received the following reply:—"I cannot understand why, because I opened a ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning.

J. A. Moore of New York drew the Hundred Thousand Prize in the Alexandria Lottery—that of $50,000 was drawn by Mr. C. L. Stevenson and another gentleman of Fredericksburg, Va.

A man fell through a Broadway Omnibus the other day, to his arm pits—he was obliged to *leg-it* to keep up with the horses. Query—ought he to pay for an inside or an outside place? **Boston Post.**

CANINE SLAUGHTER.—The City Inspector had paid $430 to the dog-killers up to Saturday last, being about $55 more than we reported in Saturday's paper. He pays 50 cents a head. **N. Y. Sun.**

The man of the Dedham Patriot is a queer fish,—one of the most incorrigible wags of our acquaintance. Here are some of his "short straws":—

SHOULDER HOOF.—The N. Y. Spirit of the Times contains an advertisement headed, "A Trainer Wanted." A fine opportunity for some member of the Dedham Division of the Mass. Militia to immortalize himself.

THE DOGS.—The Taunton Sun says,—"We are happily exempt from the danger of *mad dogs*—we have very few *dogs* of any description—probably in this village there are not more than six *dogs* to every inhabitant." You mean *dogs*, do you, sir?

SO WE GO.—One of the Taunton papers accuses the other of having twelve lines of editorial matter in his last paper. The presiding genius of the accused sheet indignantly repels the charge.

The Lynn Record is as dull as an old dictionary now-a-days—we should rather read the latter of choice. The editor is troubled with the *shallows*.

A RARE CHANCE.—"Hold on, Tom, what's your chafe?—I want to see you a minute." "Talk fast," says Tom, "I'm in a hurry—I've got a chance to walk into Boston!"

"Come, Sam," said a person to a wag who stood shivering under the action of a northeaster, the other day, "Come, Sam, don't you want to go in swimming?" "I don't know," says Sam, "d'ye 'spose it'll bear?"

Alonzo Lewis, the Lynn poet, published some verses about Nahant, which he styles "the Diamond of the ocean world," for which Mr. Holman, the tavern-keeper down there, treated him to a dish of very nice clam chowder! Blow ye the fish horn in Lynn.

The cars on the Lowell railroad run off the track on Monday, and smashed five of them in the style of the day.—An old soaker in Lowell the same day, also pretty considerably smashed, run off the common track, and came very near suffocating in a gutter.

☞ Mr. Hunt has been improving *Vauxhall Garden* lately, at a heavy expense, and made it one of the pleasantest resorts in town, of which, by the way, the citizens of the upper wards seem to be fully sensible. We are glad to see an old and industrious caterer for the public, like Hunt, receive a liberal share of encouragement.

A Banter to the Owners of Jim K. Polk!

If they consider him a *race horse*, and wish to show it to the world, I will give him a *small turn* for $1000, with my Havoc filly VOILA, according to rule, and they may set the distance, and I will run at any track in the State. He has beat the filly this spring, so of course can have no objection to another *turn*, as it proved a very easy going race. I will run any time between the first of October and the first of June, 1837; they have only to name the time and place they wish to run.

J. R. HEAD.

Manchester, Miss., June 20, 1836.

N. B. If it is convenient, I would like to have Mr. Eury to enter his mare *Margery Greer* at the above named sum, if the owners of *Jim Polk* do not object.

J. R. H.

The editor of the Lynn Star says his "paper is probably read in every family in town, as well as by the *scavans* [!!] of Nahant."

The following is an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper:—"*Stolen*—A watch, worth a hundred dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed,

The New Yorkers are doing a large business in the way of murders, suicides, breaking up brothels, &c. &c. The cases are "too numerous to mention." **Boston Post.**

Funerals are so rare in Baltimore, that they have lately had a sham one there to gratify curiosity. **Ib.**

Two pickpockets were arrested in Philadelphia the other day, while in the *exercise of their profession.*

The Elyria (Ohio) people stick to it that they have had a smart earthquake there, but we suspect it was "no great *shakes*."
gratis, where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

CHECK ON DUELLING.—In Mexico, if a man kills another in a duel, he becomes responsible for his debts.

"Mrs. Trolloppe was one of the greatest reformers of the day. The cigar-smokers, the tobacco-chewers, the sit-up-against-the-wall-with-their-feet-under-the-rounds-of-the-chair-men, the-run-and-hurry-rough-and-tumble-eaters, need another lesson or two."

The above is from the N. Y. Express; Mr. Brooks is right. The puff-tobacco-smoke-in-your-face-men, the-spit-on-your-carpet-men, the-lie-down-on-the-sofa-in-presence-of-ladies-men, the-pick-their-teeth-at-the-table-men, the-stand-on-the-side-walk-so-that-the-ladies-can-scarcely-get-along-men, and the-gabble-in-the-theatre-men-and-women, and the-sit-on-the-front-porticoes-of-the-public-hotels-with-their-feet-on-the-railing-men, all need to be gently rubbed with a brush made of pins, or tickled with a rusty nail. **Philadelphia Com. Herald.**

THE LONGEST KIND.—They have a chap in Louisville, Ky., only 19 years old, who measures 7 feet 6½ inches in low heeled stockings. He'd better turn chimney-sweep—climbing would be needless. **Dedham Adv.**

"An *exchange* of shots took place, but Col. Kirby's pistol *missed fire*." So says the account of a recent duel in the newspapers. **Boston Transcript.**

A gentleman was induced by a friend to visit the celebrated Eating House, for the purpose of partaking of anchovy toast. No sooner had he taken the first mouthful, than "Waiter! waiter!"—"Sir." "Take away this thing; it is *fishy*." **Ib.**

A paper published at Springfield, Illinois, has a notice from E. Striker, threatening his delinquent debtors with the law if they do not speedily pay up, which begins, "Attention Suckers!" **Ib.**

The Montreal Herald of the 25th ult. says, "The following may be depended on as a fact." May be so; but we would a little rather have seen the feat ourselves! It seems to have a *little* of the "*cock* and bull" about it! "On Saturday a large black cock belonging to a gentleman in this city, spying a mouse about to run into a hole in an adjacent wall, sprung to the spot, caught the little animal by the tail, dragged him out, laid him on a stone, stabbed him mortally with his beak, and swallowed him whole. The bird appears to *cat*-er well for himself."

ALAS POOR YORICK!—It is stated in the Eastern papers that Bass, the godfather of all Boston puns for the last dozen years, has at last kicked the bucket at Portland. When he was fast sinking, his nurse said to him, Will you be *raised up*, Mr. Bass? Yes, replied the dying man, on the *last day*, and immediately expired. Surely Bass *was* a queer fish! **Baltimore Athenæum.**

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.—One day last week a horse belonging to John Pitman, of Rochester, leaped off the bank below the falls near that city, a distance of 100 feet, and reached the ground without sustaining the slightest injury.

N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

English Sporting Varieties.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, June 16, 1836.

There have been duller weeks, as regards sporting, than the last. It had Hampton and Newton races, both good meetings. The last particularly so. At Hampton, the running was good, but the horses not much known. At Newton, the crack horses were in the field. Usury won the Trial Stakes; General Chasse won the Gold Cup; Sunbeam the St. Leger; Queen of Trumps (last year's victor of the Doncaster St. Leger,) won the Borough Cup, and b. m. by Longwaist won the Shrighley Cup.

Mr. Kirkman, (from Nashville, Tenn.,) known on the American turf, saw the race for the Borough Cup, this day week, and was exceedingly pleased with it,—at least, he told me so.

I shall make quick work of the Hampton races. They commenced yesterday week, *June* 8.—Marquis of Conyngham's ch. f. Heiress won the Claremont Stakes, beating 4 others. 3 heats.

Mr. Kingston's Oberon won the Waterloo Stakes, beating 8 others. 3 heats.

Thursday, June 9.—Plate of 100 guineas, won by the Duke of Richmond's ch. g. Haveldar, beating 4 more:—ran close by Lord Egremont's br. f. Helga. There were 4 heats. The winner to be sold for 500*l*. if demanded.

County Stakes, 3 heats, won by Mr. Bacon's br. m. Eagle, beating 9. Winner to be sold for 80 guineas—*was claimed.*

Friday, June 10.—Hurst Cup Stakes, 3 heats, won by Mr. Fairlee's Tom Beasley. Six started.

Royal Stud Stakes, won by Eagle, (won County Stakes day before.) 2 heats. Only 5 started.

Bushy Park Stakes, 2 heats, won by Mr. Chase's ch. g. Bras de Fer. Six started.

Newton races demand a more extended notice, because there were noted horses entered. They commenced on Wednesday, June 8, and the day was wet as wet could be.

The Trial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added. One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Mostyn's ch f Usury, by Banker, out of Mercandotti, by Muley, granddam by Precipitate, 4 yrs old—Lye	1
Mr. E. Peel's b h Tarick, by Muley, 5 yrs old	2
Mr. Bestow's ch c Abercrombie, by Advance, 3 yrs old	3
Sir J. Boswell's b m Bella, Actæon, 5 yrs old	4

Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each. One mile and a half.

Sir T. Stanley's ch c Japhet, by Teniers, out of Eugene Aram's dam, by Sir Oliver, 8st. 7lb.—Templeman	1
Sir R. Bulkeley's ch f Acanthus, by Teniers, 8st 4lb	2
Lord Westminster's b f by Teniers, out of Finesse, 8st 4lb	3
Mr. Turner's f by Olympus, out of Caifacaratadaddera, 8st 1lb	0
Mr. Legh's br c Blackburn, by Peter Lely, 8st 7lb	0
Lord Westminster's b f by Teniers—Michaelmas, 8st 4lb	0

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each. The Golborne Course.

Mr. Phillips's ch f by Recovery, out of Cinderella, by Walton; granddam by Dick Andrews—Templeman	1
Mr. W. Turner's b f by Filho da Puta, out of Blackburn's dam	2
Sir J. Boswell's ch c Master Will, by Brunswick—Bella	3

Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Lord of the Manor. Two miles and a distance.

Sir J. Boswell's ch h Gen. Chasse, by Actæon, out of Hambletonia, by Stamford, 5 yrs old, 9st 2lb—Holmes	1
Mr. Ramsay's b h Vestment, by Lonwaist, 5 yrs 8st 5lb	2
Mr. E. Peel's bl c Cyrus, by Camel, 4 yrs old, 6st 12lb	3
Mr. Bell's br f Zebetta, by Langar, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb	4

Fourteen Subscribers paid 10 sovs. ft., and 8 others having declared ft. by the time prescribed, paid only 5 sovs. each.

2 to 1 on Chasse, 4 to 1 agst. Vestment, 5 to 1 agst. Zebetta. Vestment took the lead at a slow pace, Cyrus well laid in, Chasse third, and Zebetta last. No change in running took place till within half a mile from home, the last round, where Chasse shot ahead of Cyrus, and challenged Vestment; the running home became very severe, every inch of the ground being well contested, Holmes bringing home the General first by half a head only, and not without difficulty.

A Plate of 70*l*. for horses, &c. that never won 50*l*.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch c Ruben	0	1	1
Mr. Price's ch c Ludford	0	2	2
Lord Westminster's b f by Teniers, Ambuscade	0	3	3

Seven more started.

THURSDAY.

The weather this day proved, on the whole, favourable. The company was, perhaps, rather more numerous than the day before. The great attraction was the Borough Cup race, as it was expected that General Chasse and the Queen of Trumps would be pitched against each other; the General, however, did not start, and the Queen won the cup.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 25 added.

Sir J. Boswell's ch f Sunbeam, by Vanish	1
Mr. Mostyn's b c Tom Shipman	2

Three others started.

The Golborne Stakes of 20 sovs. each. Two miles.

Mr. Gifford's b c by Priam—Iddlia	1
Mr. Bower's b c Lord Stafford, by Langar	2

Eight others started.

The Borough Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each.

Mr. Mostyn's b f Queen of Trumps	1
Mr. Ramsay's b h Vestment	2

4 to 1 on the Queen of Trumps, who had it all her own way, and won in a common canter.

A Plate of 70*l*. Heats two miles.

Mr. Nanney's b c Bravo	1	3	3	1
Mr. Houldsworth's Turban	2	0	1	2
Sir J. Boswell's b c the Stag	3	0	2	3

A good race. The second heat was as nearly neck and neck as possible.

FRIDAY.

The St. Helen's Purse of 50*l*., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft. Second to save his stake.

Mr. Allanson's ch f Vulture	1
Mr. F. R. Price's b c Tom Shipman	2

Seven others also started.

5 to 2 on Vulture, who won with the greatest ease.

The Shrigley Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. 10 ft.; the second to receive 25 sovs. out of the stakes.

Mr. Critchley's b m by Longwaist	1
Mr. Mostyn's b m Birdlime	2

Six others also started.

6 to 4 on Inheritor, 5 to 1 agst. Birdlime. A well-contested race, and won with difficulty.

The Warrington Purse of 50*l*., added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each.

Mr. Nanney's br c Cymro	1
Mr. E. Peel's b h Tarick	2
Lord Stanley's b h Donald	3

Five others also started.

7 to 4 agst. Cymro. A good race, and won very cleverly.

A Plate of 70*l*.; heats, two miles.

Mr. Houldsworth's b c Hectic	1
Mr. Roberts's b g Eratus	2

4 to 1 on Hectic, who won with ease.

Saturday's *running* not worth ink, but the *trotting* capital, as the annexed circular evidences:—

The Finale to Newton Races, 1836.

Upon Saturday, June the 11th, this distinguished Lancashire meeting terminated with the novel and truly interesting events—dubbed "Trotting Races." The characteristic feature of the highly wealthy and splendid County appeared to predominate with all the joy and happiness of a Cup-day; for the picturesque ground was attended by thousands of those, who are ever enthusiastic in patronising the pastimes of the rein, and of encouraging, with voice and pocket, the breed of the English horse. At the opening of the week, the horses engaged arrived at the scene of action, giving them every chance of getting at the elasticity and stamina of the turf; the opinion of "the twelve judges" not being "retained" in regard to the powers, &c., to trot over *the sod*, as dippingly as upon the highly Macadamized road from Cheltenham to Gloucester:—but, to

THE SWEEPSTAKES

Of 10 sovs. each, half forfeit, 2 mile heats, 12st. each, with the agreeable *addendum* of 100 sovs. from the purses of two spirited individuals, admirers to the back bone of "the roadster," gallant action, trotting, &c.

Mr. Johnson's b. m. Fanny	Ridden in Blue & White.
Mr. Hillingworth's ch m Nanny, alias Birmingham Mare.	——— Blue.
Mr. Joe. Richardson's b m Kitty	——— Blue & White stripe.
Mr. Hill's b g Parlington	——— Harlequin.

Here, then, we have the candidates—and of them, a word or two—Nanny, alias the "Birmingham Mare," is a dark chesnut, with power, breed, and looks, of a capital character—standing nearly 15—3. Her last performance (in public 3 in number) was at Northampton, with a mare of his Grace the Duke of Gordon. The South gents were then particularly sweet upon her, but as her owner fought shy at odds, less than 4 to 1, the load of money laid out was not "prodigious."—Parlington, termed by some "the Yorkshire bite," being from Dewsbury, stands 15—2, a goodish like nag, somewhat light in the head and behind, notwithstanding which, this sample of Northern stuff was to have trotted some time since 18 miles within the hour, with the codicil to the agreement, &c. that he was to be sold for 200*l*. if he *did* the trick—if not, for one shilling—failing like many other flyers to perform the distance in time, a law-suit ensued, to put the extinguisher upon the unperformed feat. The blaze of English spirit was displayed in backing this "Trotter," one gentleman booking 200 at evens upon his fancy and defeated gelding.—Kitty (but not "Kitty Clover,") was one of the representatives of "Manchester improving daily;" here we had a modest, neat looking "bay" standing 16 hands, rather light than otherwise—*dark* to the public, but the *crack* hands she was in, induced many "a Star" in the sporting circles to book her freely against the Brummegem blade at evens, and in a few instances *versus* the field, primed and loaded with the hope that "like Bells in the wind," their Kitty would "go a bit."—Fanny, another Manchester bay, height *a là* the gelding—a blood-like mare, famous in harness, but her fore legs indicated having "done the state some serving:" her time was known to be good, and being jocked by one of the olden school, she, like her opponents, was done upon by the "give and take gentry."

THE RULES.

Such were as follows—upon the contest between Yorkshire, Warwickshire, and Lancashire nags we have but feebly attempted a sketch of—viz.:

1st. That the Clerk of the Course and two other respectable gentlemen be appointed umpires, and their decision to be binding.

2nd. That they shall ballot for places at starting, and go twenty yards down the Course, coming up again abreast, and trotting at the rate of 6 miles an hour, and at the word "off," to start.

3rd. Any horse breaking into a gallop, to be instantly pulled up and trotted on again.

4th. If any foul play, or galloping past another horse, or not pulling up the instant there is a break, the Jock to forfeit 5*l*. and be disqualified from riding.

N.B. It may be added as a better plan, for horses not to be turned round when they *break*, for it gives them a chance again; and the advantage of the turf is considerable, for it keeps all the crowd away, and there is the high prized *desideratum*, "Fair play."

Now then, to "fight *our* battles o'er again"—here goes.

THE RACE.

After parading before the Grand Stand, in all the animating desire for victory, and eyed by the judges of *blood, bottom*, and *pace*, from hundreds of miles round, the horses went down 20 yards from the starting post, and came up at a gentle trot, and when opposite the Post, the awful word "off," to a beautiful start, was given. For 200 yards they kept together at a good round *bat*. Here Kitty took the *pas*, followed by Fan and Nan; half a mile gone over and Kitty was 30 yards a-head. Fanny giving way at this point of the struggle to 'the Birmingham tit.' Up the hill poor Kit was obliged to yield to the chesnut; she led 20 yards at the first time round—down the hill went as true as a rifle ball to the very heels of the jacket of Blue. Fanny playing her part at a respectable distance; and the gelding falling more into the rear, the more the game was acted. The pace up the hill was "absolutely" killing, the chesnut still leading and doing the finish like clock work easy, 20 yards a-head,—time, six minutes and ten seconds.—The odds of 4 and 5 to 1 being freely offered on the winner, it is pretty considerably clear that the Brummagem blades had the best of it. Fan and the Harlequin livery were doomed to be distanced; but it may in justice be advanced, that the pilot that handed Fan pulled up a few yards before he got to what the Newmarket lads term "White Willy," or with difficulty he might have saved his bacon, alias distance. And moreover, a disappointment occurred in obtaining the intended rider of "the gelding," so that his owner was obliged to mount him by a man who had never before crossed him.

SECOND HEAT.

A beautiful contest. Betting all in favor of Birmingham; booked "all over." Kit, however, proved a teaser; to wit, she started a little the first, rattling down the hill at a tremendous pace, her opponent 30 yards behind. Kitty here broke, and Birmingham collared her, and like wildfire smoke, they "neck and neck," were seen for some distance, when the tide appeared to turn, for Birmingham "broke" at the rising of the hill. "Blue" was observed to give her ease; her struggle would, however, not be retarded, she began making play again, and before she reached the top of the hill, took the lead, maintained it, in worrying style to past the vortex of fashion and anxiety on the Grand Stand, Kitty ten yards behind her (but the *cognoscenti* deeming her yet strong in hand) made a flying rush up to the very flank of Birmingham, who here again "played truant," and in pulling up she gave her antagonist a shove with her hind quarters, which cast her on the rail, but in the twinkling of an eye they were both once more at "the deal." Kitty banged down the hill, showing her tail 20 yards ahead of Birmingham, who again "broke"—here was a chance—many "fast ones" thought the event hers—but, with Hotspur resolution, the chesnut nag mounted the hill in Meltonian style—another break by Kitty—labor in vain, the die appeared to be cast—for Birmingham shot by like the lightning's flash, and was forty yards a leader at the top of the hill.—Man's invention was here displayed, for the head of "white stripes" was seen making an equinoctial and Chifney-like rush, gaining by "the Screw's" scientific effort 30 yards in the last 200—but the pace and the race was doomed over (although many Jocks were of opinion that on the *level* and *falling* ground "Kitty" had 'the pull' in her favor) for the latter was made captive, Birmingham reaching the haven of victory, 8 or 10 yards a head.—Time, six minutes and eight seconds.

Thus was the trumpet sounded, the renown given, and the commotion amongst the Lancashire witches, the Jehus of the day, the men of commerce, the *old out and outers*, and the game turfites, locked up in a certainty—as certain as that the three gentlemen appointed as umpires did 'the trick' like so many Orions; viz., the respected Clerk of the Meeting, aided by those pinks on the British turf and on the saddle, Messrs. Darling and Templeman, who cruised o'er the ground like bright Chanticleer at a respectful distance from the quick-working candidates for Newton honors.

No races of any importance this week. Buxton and Bath to commence yesterday. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Newcastle (Pottery) on Monday.

The king has given a free plate of 100 guineas to Egham Races.

Yesterday week, duly reports the Court Circular, the King gave a dinner at St. James's Palace to the members of the Jockey Club. The party assembled in Queen Ann's room. Shortly before eight o'clock, dinner having been served, the King, preceded by the Comptroller and the Treasurer of the Household, and the Lord Steward, passed through the Portrait gallery to the Banquet-room, followed by the Duke of Grafton and the other visitors.—Amongst the company were—the Dukes of Portland, Rutladd, Graftnn, Argyll, and Beaufort; Marquisses of Hertford, Tavistock, Conyngham, Graham, and Exeter; Earls of Lichfield, Errol, Wilton, Jersey, Albemarl, Verulam, Chesterfield, and Uxbridge; Lords Wharncliffe, George Bentinck, Lowther, Orford, Frederick Fitzclarence, Adolphus Fitzclarence, Villiers, Charles Manners, and J. Fitzroy; Honorable Mr. Byng; Sirs John Shelley, Wm. Fremantle, and Andrew Barnard; Generals Grosvenor and Upton; Colonels Peel, and Anson; Capt. Crosby; Messrs. Thornhill, Charles Greville, and Sloane Stanley.

Mr. Hibburd, of Egham, is appointed clerk of the Ascot Races, and steps will be taken immediately towards putting the course into proper condition.

I annex the nominations for the Goodwood Stakes and the Cup. They run to such a length that, perhaps, you may content your readers with an abstract. If you *can* spare space, it may be valuable, as the first horses in the country (of all ages) are in these lists.—Goodwood races commence July 27—the week after Liverpool July meeting. [We shall try to make room for these nominations hereafter.]—*Ed.*

BETTING AT LONDON AND MANCHESTER.

Tattersalls: Thursday, June 9.—Speculation is palsied by the great extent of default on the settling for the Derby.—For the St. Leger, Gladiator and Trapbale are freely backed as favorites. Lord Lichfield's Elis is third:—Black diamond and Wedge also in favor.

DERBY, 1837.

8 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's lot.
14 to 1 agst Colt, by Peter Lely, out of Phantasima.

The Phantasima Colt is out of the King's stud:—the dam sold out of it for £40!!!

This week's *Figaro* has two or three pleasant hits, in the sporting line, at the old gentleman who wears the Crown of England. Figaro says, that at the Ascot Races, when the King heard there was about being a donkey race, *he expressed a wish to be in it!*—that he wanted to play at thimble-rig, but his *suite* would not allow him;—that when he heard the Marquis of Exeter had won the *stakes*, he wanted to taste them, but thought *chops* would have been much nicer,—that he ordered a pound of *veal cutlets* should, next spring, be run for, instead of the usual *steaks*;—that on being told one of the horses had won by a length, he said, "if it was a length, it was *no length* at all, as far as he could see,"—that he lost all his money betting on the bays, for he thought his one could make a black horse *a-bay* (*obey*)—that on hearing the horses were about running for the plate, he said that that was the *butler's place*, and he should not think of making a horse *run for the plate* while he had a butler at his command.—These are jokes dull enough to be perpetrated by royalty.

The *swells* went to Ascot Races with short green veils over their faces. This must be a convenience to many who have cause to be ashamed of showing them!

Pigeon shooting is becoming pretty warm. A great match took place last week at Gravesend, near London, for a silver cup. It was an awful failure. The Gravesendians had advertised themselves as the crack shots of the island. Accordingly, the best men came from London in the steamer, to have the honor of being beaten by such immense shots. But this was what the Gravesend folks did *not* wish. When they saw that the best shots in London had come down, the dunghill cocks of Gravesend slunk off. One of them, who had made so sure of winning the cup, that he actually hired a porter to carry it, was the first to *bolt*. At last, it came that the Gravesend people fought shy of shooting while the *Lununers* were by! Amiable shamefacedness! The cup was not shot for, and the braggarts have lost their boasted reputation. So much for pigeon shooting.

I do not think that your sportsmen pay much attention to old Izaak Walton's favorite art of angling. To say the truth, I wonder how angling can be the favorite amusement. You recollect, of course, what Byron said of it,—

> "And angling, too, that solitary vice,
> Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says,
> The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
> Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it."

Then follows that indignant verdict in prose, which is, in truth, a very severe and sweeping sentence.—"It (the hook) would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote among the novelists, to shew their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling—the cruelest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth more to him than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishery, trailing, &c., are more humane and useful. But angling!—no angler can be a good man." I must return from this digression to say, that two very handsome volumes have come out, illustrated with plates, called "The Angler in Iceland."

An Irish gentleman "astonished the natives" at Paris last week. He undertook to drive a tilbury from Versailles to Paris (15 miles!) in 45m. changing horses at Sevres. He was largely backed—to the tune of 40,000 francs—and did the distance in 42 minutes 18 seconds. He undertakes now to drive the same distance in 40 minutes, and will do it, no doubt—though 'tis hard work.

Three stars illumine the theatrical horizon at Liverpool this week. These are Harley, who is good in eccentric comedy and farce, Mrs Honey, who attempts the Vestris ease, but gives only a caricature of it, and Morris Barnet, whose play of *Monsieur Jacques* is really one of the most perfect things now on the stage. The play is nothing, it is Barnet's *true* representation of a love-mad, music-mad Frenchman which *makes* the piece. He and Mrs. Honey are sustaining their original characters in the *Mazourka, Coronets*, and *Capers*, and other pieces which he has written. Mrs. Honey gives some capital imitations—that of Mrs. Yates being by far the best. Barnet was once, I believe, co-editor of the *Albion* (New York) with Dr. Bartlett. I am not quite sure, but am informed so. He was also, I am told, at Charleston for a time. His literary abilities are certainly very respectable, and he may be considered as one of our most rising playwrights. He is said to be busy on a new opera for Braham, whose theatre (the St. James's) opens in October. Barnet is a professed musician.

Fitzball has brought out a new Operatic Romance, called "The Sexton of Cologne." The music is by Ridwell, to whom d'Almaine, the music-seller, has given a gold-mounted ivory *baton de conducteur*, in approbation of his ability, of which, by the way, he has displayed very little in *this* instance. The piece is founded, with variations, upon the German legend of a sexton who, a lady being buried with a diamond ring upon her finger, goes at night to rob the dead, and wakes her, she being only in a trance. Vale was the sexton; Miss Turpin, Miss Romer, Mr. Collins, and Mr. Morley did their best to save the piece, and barely succeeded. It was followed—oh, profanation!—by the Hunchback as an *after-piece*. This is the pretty management of Osbaldistone. Such a man will *not* raise "the national drama."

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

GOODWOOD RACES.

Acceptances for the Goodwood Stakes.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Rockingham, 6 yrs	9	12	Changeling, aged	7	12	Oak-apple, 4 yrs	6	12
Bran, 5 yrs	9	4	Roadster, aged	7	12	Alfred, 3 yrs	6	12
Hornsea, 4 yrs	9	1	Elis, 3 yrs	7	12	Lady Anna, 3 yrs	6	12
Rush, 5 yrs	8	12	Firman, aged	7	10	Sepoy, 3 yrs	6	10
Ascot, 4 yrs	8	7	Whimsical (late Buccaneer), 5 y	7	7	Toss-up, 3 yrs	6	7
Bamfylde, 4 yrs	8	7				Brookland, 3 yrs	6	4
Aurelius, 4 yrs	8	7	Morpeth, 5 yrs	7	3	Arbaces, 3 yrs	6	0
Lucifer, 4 yrs	8	7	Advocate, 4 yrs	7	3	Taglioni, 3 yrs	6	0
Knobstick, 4 yrs	8	5	Burlington, 4 yrs	7	3	Oberon, 3 yrs	5	12
Barney Bodkin, 6 y	8	0	Tauntonian, 4 yrs	7	3	Brother to Delight, 3 yrs	5	12
Silenus, 4 yrs	8	0	Felix, 4 yrs	7	3			
Outcast, 4 yrs	8	0	Venison, 3 yrs	7	3	F by Emilius, out of Flush, 3 yrs	5	3
Luminary, 4 yrs	8	0	Jacob Faithful, 3 y	7	3			
Pussy, 5 yrs	7	12	Ruinous, 4 yrs	6	13	F by Vanish, out of Fortuna, 3 yrs	5	3
Louisa, 5 yrs	7	12	Tiber, 4 yrs	6	12			

Weights for the Gold Cup.

Three year olds.	st.	lb.	Khylan	5st	6lb	Five year olds,	st.	lb.
Bay Middleton,	7	12	Four year olds.	st	lb.	Touchstone,	10	2
Jacob Faithful,	7	4	Elizondo,	9	6	Paris,	9	4
Elis,	6	13	Luck's-all,	9	1	Louisa,	9	0
Alfred,	6	13	Knobstick,	9	1	Bran,	8	13
Emmelina colt,	6	13	Sheet Anchor,	9	1	Linda,	8	2
Sherry,	6	13	Felix,	9	1	Six year olds, and aged.		
Sepoy,	6	10	Hornsea,	8	10			
Mus,	6	10	Aurelius,	8	10		st.	lb.
Venison,	6	10	Ainderby,	8	10	Rockingham,	10	1
Neva colt,	6	10	Valentissimo,	8	10	Diana,	8	12
Fair Jane,	6	9	Lucifer,	8	10	Firman,	8	10
Esmeralda,	6	6	Aristocrat,	8	5	Rupert,	7	12
Weazle,	6	6	Silenus,	8	1	Eleanor,	7	8
Taglioni,	6	6	Bamfylde,	8	1	Sophy,	7	5

BIBURY CLUB RACES.

Acceptances for the Bibury Stakes.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Ainderby, 4 yrs	12	3	Challenge, 4 yrs	11	0	Galliard, 3 yrs	9	7
Firman, aged	11	2	Reliance, 4 yrs	11	0	Count D'Orsay, 3y	9	7
Felix, 4 yrs	11	2	Jacob Faithful, 3y	10	3	The rest pay 5 sovs each.		

Acceptances for the Stockbridge Stakes.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Lofty, aged	11	12	Jack, 4 yrs	10	5	Ultimus bto Trojan 4	9	12

The rest pay 5 sovs. each.

STAMFORD RACES.

Burghley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared by to-morrow.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Luck's-all, 4 yrs	8	8	B c by Langar, out of Alecto, 4 yrs	7	10	C by Waverley of Princess Jemima, -yrs	7	0
Redshank, 3 yrs	8	3						
Cyprian, 3 yrs	7	12	Waverer, 3 yrs	7	5			
Belsay, 3 yrs	7	12	Oberon, 3 yrs	6	6			

CHELTENHAM RACES.

Acceptances for the Gloucestershire Stakes.

	st.	lb.		st.	lb.		st.	lb.
Carnaby, 6 yrs	8	9	Outcast, 4 yrs	7	10	Cyrus, 4 yrs	6	10
Mayflower, 5 yrs	8	6	Nell Gwynne, 6 yrs	7	11	Burlington, 4 yrs	6	10
Noodle, 5 yrs	8	4	Br m by Longwaist — Lucinda 5 yrs	7	6	Belsey, 3 yrs	6	4
Languid, 5 yrs	8	3				Venison, 3 yrs	6	4
Paris, 5 yrs	8	3	B g by Bedlamite Mischance 5 y	7	1	Bro to Delight 3 y	6	1
Barney Bodkin, 6 y	8	0				Doctor Slop, 3 yrs	5	12

The rest pay 5 sovs. each.

The Cheltenham Stakes of 50 sovs. each, with 20 sovs. added from the Fund, for horses not thorough-bred; gentlemen riders; two miles.

GRAND SPARRING EXHIBITION.

Pretty strong evidence was afforded on Wednesday last that the love of our national sports, if dormant for a time, is far from extinguished, in the breasts of the most influential men in the country. The occasion for the display of this feeling arose out of a desire on the part of the Prince of Orange, now a visitor to this country, to afford an opportunity for exhibiting to his sons the principles and character of good old English boxing—an art by which men are encouraged to settle their quarrels with the weapons of nature, instead of the knife and the stiletto—a practice which we deeply lament, has of late been but too prevalent, arising, we cannot help thinking, from the St. Agnew-like hostility with which anything like a boxing-match is suppressed, and the morbid horror which is entertained among the modern pantilers towards the humbler sports of the people. The laws of fair play have, in fact, nearly become a dead letter, and, for want of those examples which occasional fistic or sparring matches are calculated to afford, men, acting under the impulses of passion, seek the gratification of revenge in ways as horrible as they are disgraceful, approaching nearer to the fury of the savage than the self-control and humane forbearance of civilized society. Mr. Jackson, so well known in former times as the presiding genius of the Ring, was selected to cater for the amusement and instruction of the young Princes, and in conjunction with Mr. Angelo, the celebrated fencing-master, who is well known as the zealous master and prompter of all athletic exercises, made the necessary arrangements. The place selected for the meeting was Mr. Angelo's "School of Arms," in St. James's-street—a large room, well calculated for the purpose, as it is capable of containing nearly three hundred spectators. This was fitted up for the purpose with a roped arena, and a succession of benches, amphitheatrically arranged, so as to afford an uninterrupted view of the sports. A gallery at the north end was set apart for the Prince of Orange and his sons, as well as for the accommodation of other distinguished visitors. Those only were admitted who were invited by Mr. Jackson or Angelo, so that the assemblage was select and respectable. Had the privilege been more extensive, we have no doubt ten times the number would have availed themselves of the chance of participating in the treat. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Angelo for the excellence of his arrangements, and the liberal spirit by which he was influenced, professing, as he does, a strong desire to maintain, by every means in his power, those athletic exercises which he has found calculated alike to induce confidence and promote personal courage, as well as a humane forbearance in the moment of victory.

At three o'clock the doors were opened, and the throng which arrived soon evinced the interest which had been excited. As, no doubt, the "milk sops" and effeminate "exquisites" among the degenerate classes of the present day will deny that anything like a love of "boxing" (that horribly barbarous practice!) exists among the higher ranks of our countrymen, we subjoin the names of a few of those who were in attendance, only adding, that there were nearly a hundred other Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Members of Parliament, whose names we were unable to collect:—Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Orange, Prince George of Cambridge, Prince William of Orange, Prince Alexander of Orange, and Prince of Salms; Count Sterum, Count Frederick Sterum, Monsieur Dedel (Ambassador), Sir Henry Johnson, and Count Blucher; Dukes of Grafton and Beaufort; Marquises of Anglesea, Winchester, Douro, Graham, and Douglas; Earls Lichfield, Falmouth, Normanton, Errol, Hereford, Euston, Uxbridge, Lincoln, and Stradbroke; Lords Willoughby d'Eresby, Redesdale, Nugent, F. Fitzclarence, A. Fitzclarence, Grimston, Alford, Dalmeny, Compton, F. Gordon, — Loftus, — Loftus, Colnbrook, Scott, Anson, and Clonmel; Sirs Hussey Vivian, Henry Hardinge, John Shelley, M. S. Stewart, Horace Seymour, Charles Rowley, Robert Deck, Thomas Troubridge, Andrew Barnard, E. C. Drake, C. Alston, F. Smith, G. Duckett, R. Brooke, and Sir F. Roe; Major-Generals Gardnor and Campbell; Colonels Lowther, Hare, Freemantle, Peel, Lister, Elphinstone, and Sibthorp; Captains Marriot, R. N., Hope, Clinton, Joddrell, Hudson, and Rouse, R. N.; Honorables — Lascelles, — Lascelles, — Mall, — Bagot, — Ashby, — Devereux, — Foley, and — Phillimore; Messrs. W. Peel, G. Dawson, Wood, Heneage, Crakenthorpe, W. Forbes, Stewart, Hobhouse, Blakeney, Lester, Jones, Martin, Morris, Jenkins, Hyett, Walters, Scott, Archdall, Crote, Brummell, Phillips, Ellis, Wilson, Clarke, Turner, Richardson, C. Richardson, Gregory, Lyon, Nicholson, Lowe, Keate, Campbell, Rennie, Hadden, Ardbin, Jennings, Dorrington, Horries, Andrews, Kemball, Symons, Baker, Edwards, Warner, Jones, Legard, Boyne, Blunt, Poegnand, Graves, Phillimore, Hill, Webster, Blackburne, Penny, Gore, Seyton, and Mr. Mayne (Commissioner of Police).

On the arrival of the Prince of Orange and his sons, they were received with loud demonstrations of respect, which were continued till they took their places in the gallery. The sparring then commenced, the names, weights, and ages of the competitors being communicated to the Royal party as they came forward. There were six sets-to, which took place in the following order:—

Jack Adams and Stocks, of Westminster.—This was a spirited display of science, in which the straight left [illegible] of Jack told with fearful severity on Stock's smeller. The stopping on both sides was excellent, and the counters frequently severe. Stocks got well into his man, and his deliveries were highly creditable. There was the same fearless intrepidity about him which has characterized his doings in the ring, and the men on leaving off, after two quick and punishing rounds, they were loudly applauded.

Tom Crib and Tom Oliver.—These veterans next made their bows, and although both showed symptoms of "the decline of manly energy," yet they did wonders for "old-uns." Cribb proved that he had not lost the gift of hitting: he had the advantage of height and weight over Oliver, and might be said to have the best in tactics. They played light, but, in theory, showed "how battles were won" in their palmy days, and revived the recollection of many severe contests in which they had been engaged. They met with marked approbation.

Tom Spring and Peter Crawley.—This was a first-rate display of the pugilistic art, and although Crawley was a complete "outsizer," being upwards of 8st. in weight, he displayed both agility and quickness, and met the superior skill of Spring with a readiness and tact which showed him to great advantage. The hitting, stopping, returns, and getting away, were admirable, and during the three rounds that were fought, repeated bursts of applause proved that the spectators fully appreciated the high treat which was afforded. On leaving off, both were "pipers," and, no doubt, lost some of their superfluous animal matter, from the severe exertion to which they were exposed, combined with the great warmth of the room.

Dick Curtis and Swift.—The old and new champions of the light weights came next in order. The contrast of weight, when compared with their predecessors, was extraordinary, being little more than half their size; but, though "little-uns to look at, they were good-uns to go," and displayed all the art of finished masters. Their left and right deliveries were quick and effective, and the generalship which they displayed proved them at home to every move.

Jem Burn and Young Dutch Sam.—In this set-to it was "major v. minor," Burn weighing at least 16st., and Sam little more than 11st.; still, the finished style of Sam was obvious, and enabled him to lead off with effect. His cool and steady position, combined with the fine symmetry of his frame, displayed him to great advantage, and the rapidity with which he popped in his left on Jem's mug elicited strong indications of approbation. Jem, although greatly out of condition, made a spirited display with his youthful adversary; and although, in the outset, he was decidedly second best, and his ivories were tinged with claret, yet, towards the close, he contrived to plant some nasty ones on Sam's frontispiece, and let off with much more credit than had been anticipated.

Harry Holt and Frank Redmond—Wound up the fistic sports in a lively and determined contest, in which the advanced age of Holt was, in some measure, balanced by the protuberant corporation of Frank. Both displayed considerable science, and gave a practical proof of the advantage of art over the wild onslaughts of untutored nature. They had their share of applause.

It is due to state, although all these men were out of condition, from the suddenness with which they had been called to the scratch, yet they acquitted themselves with great credit, and elicited expressions of unfeigned satisfaction from the Prince of Orange and his sons, as well as from all the other distinguished persons present.

Jack Clarke, the trainer, acted as Master of the Ceremonies, and announced the names of the "cocks" as they were "pitted."

The sparring was succeeded by a bout at single stick, in which Winterbottom and Pitfield, two corporals in the Life Guards, evinced considerable skill.

The sports concluded with a display of fencing between Messrs. Webster and H. Angelo, jun., two of the best amateur fencers in town; and Mr. H. Angelo afterwards fenced with Mr. Lyons, one of the old school, (eighty-four years of age,) and although youth had the advantage, Mr. Lyons proved that he was not to be "sneezed at," and, with a less celebrated performer, would no doubt have proved his skill to have been of no common stamp.

Two wrestlers were expected, but did not appear.—P. Thompson, who was sent for, arrived too late to show off.

The Prince of Orange, on retiring, expressed himself highly pleased, and said he was happy that he had thus been enabled to afford his sons an opportunity of witnessing sports which, in a national point of view, he deemed of the highest importance, and of which, in his youthful days, he was himself a staunch supporter. All the other persons present appeared equally well satisfied, and we are persuaded, that if Mr. Angelo will occasionally permit a similar exhibition in his room, it will afford no ordinary pleasure to a large class of individuals who have no opportunity of being similarly amused without attending public-houses, in a suffocating atmosphere, and not in the most pleasing associations. The depression of the Ring may be, in a great measure, ascribed to the want of a fit arena for sparring exhibitions; for, since the Tennis Court has been converted into a theatre, no such place has existed; and, such is the "Saint-like humbug" of the ground landlord, that he actually interdicted the proprietor of the theatre from permitting those manly displays, which would, no doubt, have enabled him to pay his rent, as well as afford useful lessons to a very numerous class of the public, among whom the distinguished individuals whose names we have enumerated would have been foremost in their attendance. We still hope to see our old games revived, and, profitting by experience, the professors of the art will assuredly feel the importance of earning "golden opinions" by good conduct and straight-forward integrity. There is no lack of patrons, where merit is accompanied by honesty.

Mr. Jackson was evidently in high favor with every individual, from the prince to the commoner, who attended at this meeting, and is the best evidence, that an unblemished reputation is the surest road to favor and respect.

Bell's Life in London, 19th June

TURFIANA.

"The Cross and the Jostle, the Do and the Draw."

Twelve months ago Plenipo—"the great Plenipo"—made his *exit* from the Turf; and if we mistake not, carried with him the curses of those who unluckily backed him for the Ascot Cup, p.p., and afterwards found it was *no go*. The feelings of the owner on the occasion, we are inclined to believe, were more of disappointment than gratification, whatever may have been the feelings of *Jack the Grunter, John of the Heavies*, and the other *payneful worthies*. The case was such as we then thought not likely to occur again. The horse, from his being one of the best of his year (1834), and running well at Newmarket in the spring of 1835, was naturally a great favorite for the Ascot Cup, and was backed freely to win p.p., at very short odds. But, lo and behold! on the Wednesday before the race, just as the first race of that day was being run, the horse was said to be amiss, and declared not to start. As was to be expected, the consequences were deep and smothered murmurings from many—loud and open vituperations from others—many abusers and few defenders of the parties concerned—all inquiring, what is the matter with the horse? is he lame? does he cough? why don't they exhibit him to their backers? But all the satisfaction was, the owner was fearful, from the hard state of the course, his horse might break down! Whilst many shrewdly suspected *Glencoe's* fine condition had frightened both horse and owner out of their wits.

Such was the *finale* of Plenipo on the Turf; an event we little expected to see so soon re-enacted as we have just seen it in the case of Sheet Anchor; and, if rumor is to be trusted, with still more startling and aggravating circumstances—the good running of Sheet Anchor last year, and his winning the Portland Handicap at Newmarket this spring, made him a great favorite for the Ascot Cup, and the public, thinking him in hands they could trust, did not hesitate to back him freely, p.p. It is said, however, though we confess ourselves credulous of the fact, that the parties concerned in the horse were resolved to play a safe and winning game with him. We are told they backed Bay Middleton to win the Derby for a great stake against Sheet Anchor the Ascot Cup. In other words, they bet against their own horse; for, as soon as Bay Middleton had done the trick at Epsom, all they had to do to secure the *sway* they stood about him, was to stop their own horse, Sheet Anchor, from running for the Ascot Cup. This was such a palpable trick, that we are loath to believe it possible the parties interested in Sheet Anchor could be guilty of it; or that they could find flats blind enough to gulp the bait. But their grasping avarice is said not to have stopped even there. On the contrary, it is more than hinted that Peter Corcoran, Dizzibrow, Leech, and Company, laid indirectly against the horse, by planting third parties upon the betting men; and, in the same way, backed the other favorites for the race at much longer odds than they could have got on it, had Sheet Anchor been declared to be out of the market.

As we stated last week, we were not aware of all these particulars of "the affair," when we furnished the disciples of *Oude* and *Esculapius* who had the management of the "thing" with the shoes that are said to have pinched their corns so sorely; but if we had, and could have given them full credit, perhaps we should have furnished them with a still tighter fit than we did. We have no wish, however, to put the saddle on the wrong horse—our object is the good of the Turf, which we wish to see resume its place as the first of British sports, purified from the pestilential vapors that have so nearly smothered it; and we shall therefore pause to know whether the *on dits* we have heard are or are not well founded. Our columns are opened to the "sallow-faced Leech" and his coadjutors, who have the credit of cooking the dish, if they are prepared to contradict, without reserve or quibble, the grounds on which the charge of a "Do" is rested. Let them declare they never laid against their own horse directly or indirectly, either by backing Bay Middleton to win the Derby, against his winning the Ascot Cup, or by laying against him when he was first favorite for the Cup, and backing the other favorites. And further, let them satisfy the public why the horse did not win—if he was lame, if he coughed, and if they exhibited him to any neutral parties before the race, for the satisfaction of his backers. Let them do this—and our incredulity will be confirmed. But on the other hand, let them remember we shall hold their silence as conclusive of the truth of the reports of the day—and *then* they may expect to hear from us again.

London Age, 12th June.

THE HORSE "PARTINGTON" AGAIN.

The case of "Brogden *v.* Marriott," was again brought before the Court of Common Pleas on Wednesday. The case has been several times before the public. The contract between the parties, it will be recollected, was, that if the horse trotted 18 miles within an hour at a given time, the plaintiff was to give 200*l.* for him; but if he failed to perform the feat, the plaintiff was to have her for 1*s.*—The trial having taken place, the horse broke from his trot at the 11th milestone, and was consequently obliged to return some distance to resume his proper pace, and owing to the time thus lost, he failed to accomplish the distance within the specified time by five minutes. He was then claimed by the plaintiff as his property on paying a shilling for him. The defendant objected, on the ground that the person appointed to set as judge had not been present the whole distance, but merely remained stationary at the 20th milestone to see the horse come in; and consequently, the trial had not taken place in his presence, as agreed upon. One of the pleas was demurred to, and the demurrer disposed of some time ago. Upon the other issues the case went down for trial at the last York assizes, when the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages 180*l.* A rule having been obtained, calling on the plaintiff to show cause why a nonsuit should not be entered or the judgment arrested, Mr. Alexander and Mr. Milner now showed cause. The alleged ground of nonsuit, namely, that there was no sufficient proof that the trial had taken place in the presence of the person named as judge, could not, they contended, be maintained, because it was not necessary that he should accompany the horse the whole distance, that having been done by two other persons, but that he should be present at the 20th milestone to see whether or not the horse came in within the time limited. In that manner the trial had taken place in his presence, within the fair meaning of the contract, and therefore that issue was proved. Then as to the ground for arresting the judgment—namely, that this contract was in effect an illegal wager laid upon the result of a trotting-match—they argued that it was not necessarily any such a thing. It might have been a fair question to have left to the jury, whether or not this was a *bona fide* contract, or a colorable wager; but on the face of the record it did not necessarily amount to a wager. Suppose a person in the coal-mines district ordered an engine of 20 horse power which, owing to the competition in the trade, he wanted for a specific purpose, and he agreed to give a certain high price for it; and suppose one of 18 horse power were sent home to him, which, as not being adapted to the purpose for which he wanted it, was utterly valueless to him, could it be said that in such a case, if the contract embraced the alternative of paying only 5*l.* or 1*s.* for the engine, if it were not the required power, it amounted to a wager? And so, if a distiller agreed to furnish spirits for chymical purposes, of a given strength, on similar terms? It, then, it did not necessarily follow that in every supposed case such a contract was a wager, then, as this objection arose on the record, the rules for arresting the judgment could not be sustained. Mr. Bayley, in support of the rule, argued that the trial had not taken place in the presence of the party named as judge within the meaning of the terms of the issue; and, secondly, that the contract was in effect that the plaintiff should pay to the defendant either 200*l.* or 1*s.*, according to the result of a trotting match against time, which was clearly an illegal wager within the meaning of the statutes on this subject. The Court (with the exception of Mr. Justice Gaselee, who thought that whether this was a wager or a *bona fide* contract, was a question which ought to have gone to the jury) were of opinion that the contract, as set out on the record, amounted to an illegal wager, and therefore ordered the rule for arresting the judgment to be made absolute.

Bell's Life in London of 12th June.

Lord Jersey named Touchstone for the Ascot cup.

The betting at Tattersall's on the Ascot cup was p. p., but we do not think that bets made in the country should be considered so, unless rendered such by the custom of the place. A bet on the field against Touchstone and Rockingham would stand good as a matter of course.

Twenty-one horses started for the past Derby.

Velocipede ran for the Doncaster St. Leger in 1828, and was not placed. The Colonel won.

Mundig has never beaten the Queen of Trumps, but vice versa.

Rockingham was the property of Mr. Theobald at the time Touchstone won the St. Leger.

Touchstone was the property of Lord Westminster when he ran for the cup at Ascot: Lord Jersey only named him.

An English horse has performed the four miles within seven minutes. (lil)

It is impossible to say how many persons have been collected on any race ground. We should think, however, that 60,000 have been seen either at Epsom or Manchester.

A match is made for 20*l.* between a celebrated bay mare, called "Country Lass," and a celebrated bay horse called "Spring," to come off in December next, four miles across the country, 12 stone each. They have both been regularly hunted with the Essex and Suffolk hounds, and the match excites great interest among the sportsmen in the neighborhood, as both nags are quite cracks. Betting even.

Challenge to any Gentleman in the British Empire to play a Match at Chess for One Thousand Pounds.

We are requested to insert the following chivalric challenge on the part of M. des Chapelles, of Paris, conveyed through the medium of M. St. Amand, now in London, and formerly tendered by the latter in writing to the Secretary of the Westminster Chess Club on Wednesday last, and we believe subsequently to the Secretary of the London Club also:—

"M. Guillaume le Breton des Chapelles is ready to play a match at Chess with any one in England (without exception) on the following conditions, subject to the modifications that may be introduced by the Seconds and Umpires:

"The match to comprise either eleven or twenty-one games.

"In each game M. des Chapelles will give the odds of the Pawn and two moves.

"The stake to be fixed by the party accepting this challenge; the minimum being 250*l.*, the maximum 500*l.* on each side.

"The match to be played in London, and one game to be played each day consecutively (Sundays excepted). The whole of the games to be played out, and drawn games not to count.

"To provide for the contingency of either party being taken ill, each shall be provided with two seconds previously named, one of whom shall play for his principal, should the latter be unwell. M. M. la Bourdonnais and St. Amand will act in the capacity of seconds to M. des Chapelles, and will accompany the latter to London. Of course, the umpires will only allow of such substitution in a case of sudden illness, proved to their satisfaction. It is thus made matter of moral certainty that no delay can take place in the progress of the match.

"To ensure the playing out of one game in each day, an average maximum of time shall be appointed for each move. M. des Chapelles proposes from three to ten minutes, with permission to carry forward the time unexpended; half an hour, or even longer, might thus be available for difficult moves; but by recognising the principle of the maximum, it is rendered certain that no game can last beyond a day.

"The games to be played according to the usual Laws of Chess.

"The conditions being finally arranged, M. des Chapelles will pay his stake into a banker's hands in Paris, to the credit of the umpires, and having been certified that the English stake is deposited in a similar manner, will immediately leave Paris for London."

M. des Chapelles requests that every publicity may be given to this challenge, to which we have but few words at present to add, reserving a more lengthened comment for another opportunity. M. des C. here offers to give the pawn and two moves to the best player in Great Britain, be he whom he may; a bold offer, but one from which we feel assured he will not recede. M. des Chapelles was long acknowledged as the first Chess player in Europe, but abandoned the game twelve or fifteen years since, and has not since that period, played half a dozen times. Rating him as strictly of the same force with La Bourdonnais, his offer is, to say the least of it, liberal. Will the country of a Nelson and a Wellington hesitate to snatch the glove thus hurled in their teeth? The conditions are fair, straight-forward, and gentlemanly; and we are informed that M. des Chapelles is so eager to match himself with our best and bravest, that he would agree to any reasonable alteration. We think the only difficulty in the way, lies in the difference of our national customs, which would hardly allow of a gentleman with propriety playing Chess for so great a sum. This might be obviated by the money being subscribed in shares, so that the player need not risk a shilling. Two English players are particularly pointed at on this occasion, both resident in London, and either of them able, in our honest opinion, to make it matter of certainty that our country's honor is triumphantly sustained on this, as on every other occasion of competition with France. We call, then, upon either of these gentlemen to take upon himself the burthen of the conflict, and thus do battle for his brethren in arms. The Pawn and two moves are odds equal to half a Knight; either this cartel must be accepted, or we must at once write it down that we have not a player in England worthy to rank even as a second-rate. Forbid it truth, forbid it honor! We repeat, that either of the two parties, to whom the delicacy due to private life will ever prevent our more directly alluding, who shall accept this proud defiance, will merit and receive our warmest thanks. We would buckle on his corselet with our own right hand, and we would risk that hand on the event.

Bell's Life in London, June 12.

The fight between Bill Luney and Bob Hampson came off on Tuesday, 24 miles from Liverpool, on the North Road; and after a manly fight of forty rounds, which occupied forty minutes, Luney was declared the winner, as Hampson was hit senseless in the last round, and remained in a state of stupor for some hours. It was a most determined fight, and both men were dreadfully punished.

A match was decided on Wednesday last, which excited much interest at Portsmouth and its neighborhood. Lieut. Harris, of the 6th Light Infantry, was backed for a considerable amount to walk from Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth, to Petersfield and back, for seven successive days, between six in the morning and six at night. Distance 960 miles. From his being out of practice, and not allowed to train before starting, the odds were 2 to 1 against him, which, however, changed after the third day to 4 to 1 on him. He came in each day without the slightest appearance of fatigue, and ultimately won the match with the greatest ease, having two hours to spare the last day.

On Monday last a match which afforded considerable amusement, came off on the Nottingham Ground, between eleven persons engaged in "The Mecury" Newspaper Office, and the same number employed in "The Journal" Office.—The same establishments played a match in October last, which was won by the Journalists, who then succeeded in scoring 23 a head of their opponents; but, upon this occasion, the quicksilver rose rapidly after the game commenced, and the Mercurialists retrieved their lost laurels by beating their opponents at one innings. After the match, the parties, with a few friends connected with the Press, adjourned to Mr. William Clarke's, the Bell Inn; and, after dicussing the merits of an excellent dinner, passed a very agreeable evening.

Hammer Lane, (after obtaining his mamma's permission), will accept of Gypsey Adams' challenge, provided he ties himself to ten stone and Hammer to be ten stone and a half, as stated in your paper of last Sunday, and fight for his own sum. The rhino is ready at the White Swan, Cross-street, Suffolk-street, Birmingham. If not accepted, Hammer Lane will fight any ten stone four man in the world, for 50*l.* or 100*l.*

Young Dutch Sam, the most accomplished English boxer of his age and weight, has just set out for Boulogne, and from thence will proceed to Paris, to give "Monsieur" a taste of his talents. He has excellent introductions, and will no doubt "astonish the natives."

A Substitute for Sports of the Ring.—Cock Fighting and Dog Fighting.—The *Times*, which opposes the manly and national sports of the Ring, offers the following substitute for the gratification of the lovers of puny warfare:—"Of all living creatures, spiders are the most pugnacious. Under no circumstances whatever can they meet each other without fighting. Whoever wishes to see their battles may easily manage it. Let him, on a fine August morning, when the hedges and bushes are swarming with their webs, lift one, web and all, with a twig, and let him down softly by his thread on the centre of another web, where sits a fellow, his likely match in point of size, and to it they go immediately. If a fly or any other proper bait be dropped into a web, and four or five spiders be brought to the plunder, the battle rages like Waterloo. The lean red spider, with long legs, beats all the rest hollow. In their rage, their bodies shiver like the feathers of a turkey-cock. It is not generally known that spiders have eight eyes in their heads."—In the description of such a mill, a reporter would have some difficulty in noting the "ogles" which might be damaged in the contest.

Great Feat of Pedestrianism.—On Tuesday last, William Christison, carrier of Dunglass, Haddington, undertook, for a wager of two sovereigns, to walk from St. Lawrence house bridge to Tranent, a distance of six miles, in fifty minutes. He very easily performed the match in forty-two minutes; upon coming in, he showed very little fatigue. In walking, this is the greatest feat upon record.

Townsend is backed to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours. The match is to take place on Monday week. The start to be from the Horse Guards at seven in the evening (nearly the full moon). He is to walk ten miles out on the Mitcham road and back. Odds are laid at the rate of 4 to 1 against his doing the distance in 23 hours; and two to one against his doing it in 23 hours and a half. Even betting on the 24 hours.

On Monday next the pedestrian Brown has undertaken to walk 27 miles in six hours, for a wager of 20 sovereigns, at Hall's Cricket-Ground, Southampton-street, Camberwell; the distance to be performed in the manner following—the first six miles to play the flute, the fifteen miles following to be done in two hours and a half, the remaining 6 miles to play the flute.

Young Burn, aged 18 years, challenges any one in England, not exceeding 19, to walk 60 miles for 50*l.* a side, and will be ready to make a match on Tuesday evening, the 28th inst., at Mr. Cribbs, Panton Arms, Panton-street, Haymarket, from 9 to 10 o'clock.

Mr. Brocksopp, farmer, Kirklington, near Southwell, an old man of 75, challenges to walk any man in the world of his age 100 miles for 100 guineas.

At the King's dinner to the Jockey Club, on Wednesday night, a good deal of racing was made for Ascot. Between thirty and forty subscribed to the Cup, and upwards of forty to the Workingham Stakes.

It is reported that Earl Jersey, with his characteristic generosity, has presented his trainer, Edwards, with two hundred pounds, as a tribute of his admiration of the ability displayed in training the winners of three Derby Stakes, one Oaks, and an immense number of valuable Produce Stakes, Cups, &c. The gift was deserved, as there was quite as much credit due to the trainer as to the jockey.

On Sunday last, the two young Princes of Orange and Prince George of Cambridge, accompanied by Lord F. Fitzclarance, Lord Howe, and Sir A. Barnard, rode on horseback to Day's stables, at Ascot, to look at Bay Middleton.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 13, 1836.

"The Observed of all Observers."

Mr. Forrest, the tragedian, arrived in the packet ship Poland last Saturday, from Havre, after an absence of two years. Since he left his native shores, he has mingled in the gay festivities of Paris,—has been a "pilgrim of the Rhine," and a *voyageur* down the Danube,—has looked upon imperial Schoenbrunn, and perchance frightened Prince Metternich from his propriety at the sight of a sturdy republican,—has left the "cloud capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces" of Berlin and the Germanic Confederation far behind,—has bathed in the gentle waters of Geneva, and inhaled the spirit of heroic Tell on the glaciers of Switzerland,—has traversed the raging Baltic, and dropped a tear for ill-fated Poland,—and standing on the lofty parapet of the Kremlin at Moscow, has surveyed from its giddy height the sacred city of the mighty Autocrat of all the Russias. Keeping "due onwards to the Propontic and the Hellespont," he has sailed upon the bosom of the Golden Horn at Constantinople,—crossed the Euxine, and wandered over a portion of Asia Minor, with many an "inkling of adventure" by the way-side,—sailed down the Bosphorus, through the Grecian Archipelago, and revised his "travels' history" in the "bright clime of battle and of song," not forgetting to hob and nob with young King Otho, as clever a fellow, for a king, as was ever taken to or taken off by his subjects,—waited upon the Pope at St. Peter's, without kissing his toe, and thought of "Roscius when an actor in Rome,"—coursed along the Appian way, or contemplated the Hippodrome while lingering beside sacred grove or classic fountain,—saw the Bridge of Sighs, half encircling, like a bracelet, an arm of the Bride of the Adriatic without a sigh, save for some fair Belvidera "in his mind's eye,"—examined with the air of a connoisseur the numberless productions of the sister arts of painting and sculpture in the Florentine Republic, and forgot the modern world of Naples in his admiration of the relics of Herculanæum and Pompeii, without a thought of the "Three Last Days" of the latter, which has made Miss Medina famous, and Hamblin a fortune,—gazed upon "the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night," emitted by Vesuvius, and "guessed" if Old Hays was properly introduced among the Lazzaroni, there would be a scattering among their dry-bones,—found Mount Blanc any thing but blank, while on "high Olympus" the gods were "not at home,"—saw Tripoli and Algiers to be reminded of the gallant Preble and chivalrous Decatur,—saw the birth-place of "the mighty Corsican" in the distance, and farther off the dark embattlements of Gibraltar,—crossed the Alps over the Simplon of one destined to be more renowned in the archives of Time than Hannibal of Carthage,—rambled among the vine-clad hills of sunny France, nor rested until, surrounded with the enduring monuments of departed greatness, he at length paused beneath the antique turrets of Westminster Abbey. Whiling away a weary hour in the Boar's Head of Eastcheap, and quaffing his old October beneath the rafters that so often rang to the joyous revelry of Ben Jonson, and the merry roysterers of the olden time, he bowed himself reverently before the shrine of the immortal Shakspeare at Stratford-upon-Avon, and having doffed his "sandal-shoon and scallop-shell, at length returned to "his own, his native land," a wiser, if not a better man. Untainted by the frivolities of the old world,—enabled to appreciate a birth-right of freedom by a comparison with a life of servitude,—enriched in mind, with conceptions enlarged and perfected by travel, and a taste cultivated and refined,—embued with a keener sense of the sublime and beautiful in nature and art,—with a spirit enkindled with the inspiration lingering among the scenes of the by-gone triumphs of the great masters of the Drama in foreign climes, and prouder than ever in claiming the title of *an American,* Mr. Forrest has returned to meet a cordial welcome home, at the hands of his admiring countrymen.

Mr. Forrest has not appeared upon the stage since he left New York, and as he is obliged by an engagement at Jones's English theatre at Paris, to return there in October next, it is a matter of some doubt whether he will play at all during his stay here, though it is hoped he will yield to the pressing wishes of his friends for a limited number of nights. "Where is Forrest going to play?" is a question in every one's mouth, that is easier asked than answered. The manager that secures him may depend upon a house-warming wherever he goes. It will be a wondering novelty to the gay Parisians to see a Yankee assuming the sock and buskin of Talma in the capital of *la belle France!* Ere his return, the boards of the London Drury will probably be the scene of a display of his impassioned energies, and we hazard the prediction, that as "the proud representative of Shakspeare's heroes," as well as that of Damon, Spartacus, and Metamora, he may exclaim with Richard, "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths."

N. P. WILLIS AND HIS CRITICS.

We are well known to our readers as having been the steadfast admirers of Mr. Willis for a series of years, and that during his sojourn abroad, we became zealous and unflinching in our advocacy of his claims on the admiration and the fostering patronage of his countrymen. In this cause we were almost alone. So thoroughly had his jealous and malignant detractors poisoned the public mind against him and his writings, that it seemed the general sentiment of the American press, that Willis was merely a cockney scribbler, of great pretensions, but of feeble capacity, and the puerile author of some namby pamby verses. While even the English press was enthusiastic and almost unanimious in its expression of praise, and commending him and his writings to the British public, there were those to be found among the conductors of the *American* press, who were equally industrious to create a bias, and covertly to malign and destroy his reputation in the eyes of those who should have been the first and boldest to vindicate his merits. We have watched the progress of this outrageous spirit, and have now and then had ample opportunity to scrutinize the shallow and wicked motives that have instigated his detractors in their ruthless course. In every case that has come under our observation, it was easy to trace the sneering scoffs and the scandalizing notices of his popular productions to a deep-rooted hatred of the man, and a most sensitive jealousy of his rapid and uninterrupted ascent to the "high places" of English literature.

But sneers, and ribaldry, and detraction have failed to produce their desired offices. In spite of this "levelled malice," the writings of our young author have at last made their way into the hands of his own countrymen, and we now hear but one voice of admiration and of honest pride, that America possesses among her talented sons the author of *Melanie*, *Pencillings by the Way*, and *Inklings of Adventures.*

But while the reading public is thus enthusiastic in its reception of these delightful volumes, the critics, with sullen doggedness, preserve a most unworthy silence, or announce the publication of them in a style of such meagre commendation, that no mortal would suspect the works in whose behalf they are so chary of their praise have been the admiration of the British nation, and have called forth a magnanimous acknowledgment of their worth from those who were most interested and most disposed to censure and detract.

Now, why is it that American critics treat an American author with such marked discourtesy? Why withhold from the author of the three most popular works of the past year even such poor favor as they eagerly bestow on the most ephemeral production of the day? Why does the Knickerbocker "keep back," and the American "give not up?" Why is the Philadelphia press interested in defaming and reproaching such additions to sterling literature? Why are the Bostonians turning up their noses at the only young man they posses who has reflected distinguished honor on the vaunted literary institutions of their city? Why does the old aristocracy of Boston, and the saplings and suckers thereof, imagine it a moot point in what manner it becomes them to receive and cherish a gifted son of genius? Why are the zanies and witlings of the press generally discharging their gall and venom on productions they never read, and could not comprehend? We could answer each and all of these several queries one by one, and yet escape the imputation of "the cunning diviner of other men's motives." But, kind reader, we will not insult your understanding so much, nor give "this army of martyrs"—these truculent defamers, a peg whereon to hang an accusation.

No living author can better afford than Willis to give "ample verge and scope" to the puny endeavors of an interested knot of critics and authors to do him injury, or conceal his merits. Since the publication of his labors for the last four years, in a readable shape, they have fallen into the hands of the true tribunal of his literary merits, and we know nothing of the taste and candor, and justice of the American people if they do not reverse the judgment of his pusillanimous *American* Reviewers, who so reluctantly award him that consideration conceded him in England by his declared enemies, and so promptly acknowledged by the impartial criticism of her Reviewers, and the admiration of her entire reading community.

MARIA FOOTE'S CHILDREN.

Some months since a lugubrious story appeared in the Sun, relative to a child residing with a widow lady of low circumstances in this city, that was said to be one of Miss Foote's by Colonel Berkeley. The story which was headed with the caption of "Romantic Incident in Real Life," or something like it, turns out to be a sort of moon hoax, as we predicted at the time. The whole affair was done up in Mr. Locke's best manner, and appeared so embued with truth, that we were almost inclined to credit it. Here's The Albion's refutation of the gratuitous charge:—

"Colonel Berkeley.—A statement some time since appeared in some of the city papers, affirming that the children of Colonel Berkeley and Miss Foote had been abandoned by their parents, and been brought to this country by a poor woman of the name of McDermot, who was supporting them by her own industry. It was subsequently stated the children consisted of a boy and a girl, and that the boy died on the passage over. This report having found its way across the Atlantic, attracted the attention of Colonel Berkeley's friends, and we have in consequence been requested to declare that the statement is entirely without foundation. A letter before us, dated London, 20th May, contains the following:—

'Col. Berkeley had by Miss Foote two daughters, (no son;) they bear the somewhat fanciful and euphonious names of Una and Undine, and are at this moment dwelling with every comfort, and even luxury, at Cheltenham, under the care of a governess of irreproachable character, in their own house, and under protection of their father. They are accomplished, and will be liberally provided for at his death. As the writer of these remarks *has seen* the young ladies in question *within a month*, and has heard of them within a week, it is not probable that either of them has died in the disguise of a boy on board ship, or that the other is indebted to Mrs. McDermot for subsistence in New York.'

We do not at all pretend to deny that Mrs. McDermot has been saddled with the children of some heartless parents, but we think it is abundantly clear that the children are not those of Col. Berkeley. It is well known to every one in England, acquainted with Col. Berkeley or Miss Foote, that the former has always discharged the duties of a father in the most affectionate and liberal manner."

Mrs. Pierce Butler, (late Miss Fanny Kemble,) is understood to be the author of the article in the last number of the North American Review, upon the Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo. If so, Mrs. B. is the best contributor to that number. The article in question is one of the few which can be read without drowsiness. Here is an extract, which favors the impression that the writer is, at least, a woman:—

"We have another strong general objection to make against M. Hugo's works,—his women. What is the reason that he invariably makes such naughty women his heroines? In almost every one of his compositions, we are brought into company with ladies whose principles are so very lax, that, in spite of M. Hugo's assertion that his plays are moral, we cannot help thinking that they have very little chance of remaining so, unless he cuts out all his female characters; they are enough to corrupt all the rest of the *dramatis personæ.* Such of his heroines as are the daughters of his fancy, are by no means so correct as we should like our daughters to be, and his historical selections are yet more unfortunate; Lucretia Borgia, Marion de Lorme; why not Nell Gwynn; why not Ninon de L'Enclos? The catastrophe which winds up the career of the latter, is altogether a subject after M. Hugo's taste; we wonder it has hitherto escaped being made into a *moral play* by him. We recommend to him, among the other peculiarities of Shakspeare, to meditate upon his female characters; and to learn under what aspects it is that a woman claims our sympathy, our love, our admiration, and our veneration; and he will not then write books which no honest man or woman can read without indignation at the libels on female nature, which he has thought fit to perpetrate in them.

As no society can be pure, in which the women are not chaste and holy, so no book can be moral in which the delineations of female character are vicious. In spite, therefore, of M. Hugo's assertion, and of the precision with which he has squared out the moral of *Le Rois' amuse*, as an illustration of that assertion, we beg to assure him that his books are immoral: for his women are worthless, and that is enough."

NORTON AND GAMBATI.

We are to have another brilliant exhibition of Trumpet music at Niblo's. Norton is "on the seas," and is to appear at Horn's benefit, where he will execute on the beautiful silver trumpet which was presented to him, the same exquisite morceaus which gained him the award of the Silver Cup, in the famous contest with Gambati, some two years since. Gambati is in the city on the ground, ready, we believe, to accept any proffered challenge, if Mr. Norton wishes this to be significant of such intention on his part. We do not think the Signor is afraid of being blown out of the Garden or into the Atlantic by him of the silver-toned instrument, though the latter did blow the loud blast of the champion at George the Fourth's coronation. We shall stand by the *Valve Trumpet* to the last, and call on our friends of the *Gambatini* party to come out in force on the occasion Nor are we less disposed to give fair play to our adversaries, and especially to our cotemporary of the "Times," whom we call upon to come forth and show his hand as the professed backer and declared champion of all the *Nortoninnies.* Though the *Trumpet* has very naturally volunteered, on this occasion, for the *Horn*, an excellent instrument, too, yet Mr. Norton must take care in the bold experiment he is hazarding, and in this dashing into the camp of his musical rival, that he does not raise a hornet's nest about his ears less agreeable than the tones of his instrument. Star.

We are glad to hear of Norton's return, and also that he is to assist at Horn's benefit, which ought to be a good one. We have no claim to the title tendered us by the Star, though we thought Norton's playing better than Gambati's, and backed him on the trial, against the Star for a basket of Champagne. As Norton was the victor, we were confirmed in our opinion; as the Star has not paid the wine, we sha'nt bet with him again; and as Gambati would not pay his share for the prize cup, we shall have nothing to do with any future trial between them. Times of Monday.

☞ Norton declined to assist at Horn's benefit, as it was evident a plan was matured to bring him and Gambati into direct competition. The desire to excite discord between these two musicians prevents the gratification of many of Norton's friends, who are anxious to hear him. Matters have gone so far, and so much feeling is excited among their respective friends, that it is impossible for both gentlemen to appear on the same evening without creating a disturbance. These considerations alone prevented Mr. Norton, as we are confidently apprised, from appearing on the occasion of his friend's benefit.

☞ Mr. Lauriat, from Boston, will make a *Balloon Ascension* from Castle Garden on next Thursday afternoon.

☞ Norton *vs.* Melbourne.—This trial for *Crim. Con.* was crowded out last week, and so many of our contemporaries have republished the report since, that we have about made up our mind to omit any further details. Our last English papers contained so many good things, that we concluded our readers would be better pleased with three courses and a dessert than a single dish, however seasoned.

Mr. Marsh's *Laboratory* at Castle Garden, blew up on Monday last, with a tremendous explosion, making the grandest exhibition of *Fire Works* ever beheld there. The Boat Club house was destroyed, but very little injury was done the boats of the Association. Mr. Marsh's loss in fire works is severe, amounting to several thousand dollars—no insurance. Never mind, friend Marsh; go ahead with a new stock, and "when you are ready, *say when!*" and leave the rest to the public.

☞ *Niblo's Garden* is nightly crowded with fashionable people, who not content with a double *encore*, have lately compelled Mrs. and Miss Watson to repeat the Boat Duett *five times* in succession. This is complimenting "their most sweet voices" with a vengeance. Niblo ought to complain of "a breach of privilege," and Watson to enter proceedings forthwith against the audience for "*applause*, with intent to kill!" Kendall and Cioffi play fantasias with increased effect at every concert, and the attraction has been recently strengthened by the addition of Mrs. Conduit, Miss Julia Wheatly, Howard, Dempster, and others.

Belmont Hall is the pretty name of a fine hotel at Schooley's Mountains, N. J as romantic and healthful a region, probably, as any in the country. An *attaché* of the Evening Star has lately passed a few days there delightfully. The house at the time was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and the social parties and rides, to say nothing of the fishing and shooting in the neighborhood, are described as agreeable and pleasant to the last degree.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

Placide was "at home" last Friday week at the Park to receive the calls of his friends, when all the fashionables and play-goers in town were in attendance. The festivities of the occasion were kept up with unabated spirit until a late hour, when mutual acknowledgments were made, and the company retired.

We are glad to hear that an effort will be made to retain Mrs. Shaw at the Park. She certainly is a very charming actress, and will make a very desirable addition to the stock company, after imitating the heir of Ravenswood, and "biding her time."

John Reeve is now at the Park playing his farewell engagement, having received a very liberal offer from the manager of a London minor theatre. There will be a pretty strong muster of no "half and half" friends at his benefit.

Barnes is reviving the gladsome associations of old friends, and making new ones by running through his favorite line of characters at Old Drury. The houses are capital; we have seen nothing like them at this season of the year, save when the pretty Mary Vos was the nine days' wonder of the town.

The National is progressing towards completion with great activity. Flynn is expected daily from Liverpool with his "revolving lights," that are to be placed on the corner of Leonard-street and Broadway, to astonish the natives.

Franklin Theatre.—Mr. Benjamin Webster, of the Haymarket Theatre, London, author of the "Golden Farmer," &c., has written a new piece for John Sefton, that will be produced in September. Mr. W. writes—"I feel highly complimented at the patronage bestowed by the American public on any production of mine. I think I shall be able to give Jemmy some good fun in the new piece, and as Keeley sails the middle of July, shall send it by him." This really is reversing the order of things, playing a piece first at New York and then at London. The Golden Farmer was played *seventy-one* nights at the Franklin last season, and brought the theatre from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars! "Vel, vot of it!"

Power, Wallack, Hackett, and other lesser stars, are confidently expectetd to arrive in a few days.

We have great pleasure in stating that several distinguished individuals are at present engaged upon tragedies that will be tendered for the prize of $1000, offered by Miss Clifton. The "L. E. L. of America" has sent one in already, which is spoken of by a literary gentleman of fine taste, who has read detached portions of the MSS., as worth double the prize. It is rumored that Col. Morris of the Mirror, intends not only to carry off Miss Clifton's prize, but Wallack's too; at any rate, he is extremely busy upon something of the kind up at his country seat, situated at the junction, as he says, of the Crow's Nest and the Hudson. Rather than he should pocket all the fame, and both prizes besides, we intend to "take our pen in hand," as our grandmothers used to say when they commenced a billet-doux.

The friends of Mr. George H. Hill gave him a splendid dinner last Monday at the City Hotel, got up in Cruttenden's best style. Mr. H. sails for Europe in a few days, and will probably show the Londoners an original specimen of the *ginnewine* Yankee.

It is denied by one of the city papers that Mrs. Austin is about returning to the Park, on the strength of a letter from Mr. Berkeley. If the lady herself is to be believed, endorsed by Berkeley, we shall, in all likelihood, see "the gentle Ariel" here in the course of a few months, accompanied by stubby little Jones the vocalist.

Caldwell's theatre was to open at Louisville, writes a correspondent, on the 1st inst., without any "bright particular star." J. M. Field, Parsons, Miss Nelson, Thorne, De Barr, the Bannisters, the Cowells, the Hunts, Mrs. Kinlock, Mr. De Camp, etc., are among the dramatis personæ. Finn joins in the course of a month or two with the Italian company. Mrs. Gibbs is engaged for a few nights.

Parsons is still carrying on the war with vigor at the rival house. Mrs. Knight has just closed, and Mrs. Pritchard is now the observed of all observers. The success of her Brigand and [illegible] brought Mrs. [illegible], as the latter lady visits the West, there will be some pulling of caps if we can spy into futurity a little. Both ladies dance well, and play a great range of business, though Mrs. Pritchard's is quite the most extensive. From Little Pickle up to Lady Macbeth, from Phoebe to Imogine, she is alike at home. A new theatre is to be erected at Louisville next season, on a scale of magnificence in keeping with the prosperity and increasing importance of that fine city.

Russell is at Cincinnati, concocting new schemes and devices to gratify the votaries of the drama. Hill is managing there with eminent success. Indeed, Russell's managers seem to be as rife with business as with histrionic talent. Like Napoleon, Russell appears to possess the faculty of discovering the germ of talent, and the ability to make it useful at the same time to the possessor and himself.

Recent advices from St. Louis inform us of the continuance of the good business done by Ludlow and Smith since the opening of their house. Their new theatre is the first temple of the drama ever erected west of the Mississippi, and when completed, will add much to the architectural beauty of the city. Their engagements for Mobile next winter are unexceptionable in every respect Several "great creatures" are to be forthcoming, and the stock company will be strengthened by recruits from the North.

The Boston Post of last Monday says:—"Mr. Barry will unlock the Tremont to-day, as we predicted, and lock it up again when he goes to dinner. We *guess* playing will commence this day week—don't know any thing about it. Pelby is shingling, clapboarding, and painting; the outside of his house looks as though it was a thundering great concern in. The Lion company are now at New Bedford, where we hope they'll perform one night for the benefit of Bunker Hill Monument, and engage our friend Hallett to speak on the occasion. We shall brush down the cobwebs in the Washington-street establishment in the fall, and open with a full team."

Mrs. Duff is playing at Lexington, Ky. Mrs. Pritchard was to succeed her during the present week.

Mr. and Mrs. Hield, lately arrived at this port, are from the Edinburgh theatre, and are engaged for Mr. Barry's company at the Tremont, Boston.

Mrs. Conduit is engaged at the National next season. She was rapturously received at Niblo's Garden a few evenings since, though an unmanly attempt was made by a few Miss Nancys to put her down. She has the spirit not to "stay put" any way they can fix it.

FLYNN AND MAYWOOD.

The Liverpool Correspondent of the Evening Star writes, that 'Flynn, manager of the "National," arrived here by the Europe. I believe he was the life and soul of the living cargo who filled the cabin of that vessel. He gave them during the voyage one continuous act of "Life on the Atlantic." He was hailed as he left the packet with three cheers from the steerage passengers. "Be asy" cried one of them, as the burly form of Flynn appeared on the plank on which the passengers were stepping into the steamer which carried them from the Rock Lighthouse to Liverpool. "Be asy, and give three cheers for Mr. Flynn, the dacent Irishman and the raal gintleman." He had been extremely kind in one way or other to these people; but what won all their hearts was his collecting about fifty dollars from the cabin passengers, for the use of a poor Irish widow who was returning home with two young children. After this, if going through fire and water would have served Flynn, the steerage passengers would so have gone for him. He is now in London, and no doubt, will make the most of his time. I believe he returns to America by the packet of July 16. He will not leave a merrier mortal behind him: like Falstaff, witty himself, and the cause of wit to others.

'Maywood is busy recruiting for the Chestnut-street theatre, Philadelphia. He was to leave London on the 14th for Paris, and, perhaps, may tempt Taglioni to visit the U. States. He returns to America, by the Monongahela, Philadelphia packet of July 8. Most of his newly engaged corps dramatique accompany him. From the Liverpool theatre, he takes Messrs. Robert Hamilton and Lindsay. The latter is brother to Miss F. H. Kelly—the only Juliet I ever saw worth mentioning. Mr. Robert Hamilton is a man of more than respectable literary attainments. He has published a variety of poems, full of grace and feeling, and within the last month brought out a volume called "The Sea Nymph's Wake, and other Poems;" it has been well received here. Mr. Hamilton has also written a tragedy or two. In England these things cannot be performed without the expense and trouble of a license from the Lord Chamberlain's deputy, and Mr. Hamilton, therefore, did not attempt to bring them on the stage; in your country, however, there are no fetters upon the drama, and it is likely that he will be able to bring out one or both of these. Pray do not confound this *Robert* Hamilton with the Mr. Hamilton who was recently tried for the murder of Mr. Duffy. Our Hamilton is a quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly fellow, and not likely to commit a breach of the law in any country.

Sporting Intelligence.

RECENT TROTTING MATCHES.

One would suppose that the excessive heat of the weather would put an end, for the present, to trials of bits of blood on the trotting course; but that such is not the fact, will be proved by the annexed report of several capital trotting matches within the last few weeks.

Many of our country readers may not be aware, that a fondness for fast cattle is a passion among our whips, and that we have some odd hundred roadsters, belonging to private gentlemen, who can trot their mile in harness under three minutes—that we have sixty who can perform that distance in 2:40, and more than one that can do it under 2:30! *Edwin Forrest,* now owned in Philadelphia, has been matched against time to trot his mile under the saddle in 2:28, and it is currently believed, that on the day he received forfeit from *Confidence* last fall, he trotted a mile half a second within that time, over the Hunting Park Course—a feat unparalleled in the annals of the Turf. Every pleasant afternoon the Third Avenue (a superb Macadamized road, extending from Broadway to Harlaem,) is covered with crack nags and amateurs in horse flesh, and dozens of private matches are the consequence. As these are of a personal character, made up between friends, and as the horses themselves are generally as well known on the road as their owners are in society, we have not felt ourselves at liberty to chronicle their results, nor to allude to them, save in general terms, though they frequently excite a great sensation in sporting circles.

HARLAEM TROTTING COURSE, July 28. Purse $50, two mile heats in harness; 146 lbs. whether in harness or under the saddle.

Mr. Bertine's *James Tyler*	3	1	1
Mr. Cotte's *Papa*	1	2	2
Mr. Woodruff's *Maria Monk*	2	dis.	
Mr. Goodrich's *Rienzi*	dis.		

Time, 1st heat, 5:55—2d, 6:10—3d, 6:4.

The above trot was a queer affair altogether, *each horse being distanced,* by the rules of the Course. In the 1st heat, Rienzi, who came in first, was declared distanced for foul riding, and the heat given to the 2d horse, Papa. In the 2d heat Maria Monk bolted and was distanced; in the same heat, Tyler ran foul of Papa, and, by the rules, was distanced, though when he and Papa were locked, the latter's rider got out and cleared the carriages, and was also distanced by the rules of the course, for having alighted before coming to the stand!

It seems that on the first mile of the 2d heat, just before Papa and Tyler got foul, (which brought them to a stand still,) Maria passed, and got more than a double distance a-head. In coming in, she bolted, and as Woodruff saw no one behind him, what does he do but let Maria loose and get upon the fence overlooking the field, to see what the deuce had become of Tyler and Papa! They having cleared themselves, soon got in action, and maintained their stride at a slashing pace up to the winning post, thereby giving the "fence viewer" no chance to regain his accidental advantage. The trot afforded capital fun, and the losers made a deal the most money if the winner "stood" the champagne that flowed at the finish.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, July 30. Purse $50, two mile heats, under the saddle. Weights 146 lbs. as at Harlaem.

Mr. Bertine's *Lazarus*	3	1	1
Mr. Goodrich's *Rienzi*	1	2	2
Mr. Whelpley's *Maria Monk*	2	3	3

Time—1st heat, 5:45—2d, 5:46—3d, 5:46. Rienzi the favorite.

Between the heats of the trot for the purse, came off a match for $——, two mile heats, under the saddle, which resulted as to wit:—

Mr. Carman's *Modesty*	1	1
Mr. Valentine's *Beppo*	2	2

Time—1st heat, 5:42—2d, 5:39. Won with something to spare, though Modesty gave Beppo fifty yards in the start each heat. Beppo was held hard in hand until lapped, when, after going about a distance, he unaccountably tired, and the mare went modestly ahead, by herself. So confident were the backers of Beppo, that after he was lapped, and of course had lost his advantage in the start, lots of "the pewter" were thrown away upon him.

Same Course, July. Purse $50, two mile heats, under the saddle.

Mr. Walter's *Rolla*	1	1
Mr. Van Wart's *Job Fox*	2	3
Mr. Bridget's *Maria Monk*	3	2

Time—1st heat, 5:37—2d, 5:38. Job Fox the favorite 20 to 15.

It may be remarked that different persons seem to have owned or entered the same horse in these reports. It is not to be denied, and besides, it is a great improvement upon last year, when a horse changed his name about every match he trotted, whether he changed owners or not. Owners of trotting nags are privileged to alter the names of their crack goers as ladies are to change their minds:—whenever they —— please.

SPORTING ITEMS AND "SO ON."

MONTREAL TURF CLUB.—At the Annual meeting, which took place on the first Tuesday in March, the following gentlemen were unanimously elected officers for the ensuing year:—Hon. T. Pothier, President; J. Clarke, Vice-President. Stewards: —— —— 32d Regt.; G. D. Arnoldi; P. E. Leclere; —— ——; C. Ermatinger; —— ——; N. C. Radiger; M. E. David.

Resolved, That the fall races shall take place on Tuesday, the 30th of Aug., Wednesday the 31st of Aug., Thursday, 1st Sept.

JOHN JONES, S. and T. M. T. C.

The fall meeting at Nashville, Tenn., promises to be unusually attractive. The purses amount to over $3000. Besides several stables from a distance, there are already more than thirty horses in training at the track.

All about the country the newspapers contain notices to the various Clubs and Associations to meet, and arrange the time of their fall meetings, the purses, etc. We never have known half so much interest and spirit manifested. So far as reported, the reader of the Spirit of the Times will find under its appropriate head the date when each race meeting commences. Secretaries of Clubs, and turfmen generally, will find it to their interest to apprise us at an early date when their respective meetings will take place, that breeders and others may govern themselves accordingly.

In alluding last week to the possibility that the Central Course might be given up, from the fact that Col. Selden was the principal proprietor of the new course, preparing at Camden, N. J., we but expressed a very general sentiment among Northern turfmen. However, such not being the fact, as we learn from a letter from Col. S., we hasten to remove any erroneous impression that may have gone abroad from the paragraph referred to. The Colonel assures us that the prospects of the time-honored old Central were never more promising, and that he is making such improvements upon it as (he trusts) will perpetuate it for all time to come. *Amen,* say we, with the utmost sincerity.

We shall be glad to show any of our sporting friends the plan of a Genealogical Table, designed to facilitate the tracing of Pedigrees of Horses. The tables are about being published in London, and come to us highly recommended. The reader is referred to an advertisement on last page.

JOHN BOARDMAN, ESQ., of Huntsville, Ala., sailed on Wednesday from this port, in the packet ship Ontario, for London. Mr. B. is favorably known as a scientific and practical breeder and turfman, and goes out to England not more to improve his health than to thoroughly acquaint himself with the blooded stock of that country, and the most approved modes of breeding and training for the turf. We have great pleasure in being able to state that Mr. B. has kindly promised to remember the Spirit of the Times while abroad, so that we anticipate for our readers much gratification from the exercise of his gifted and versatile pen.

Gentlemen recently arrived from England inform us, that the Americans there are buying largely, and with great judgment. Choice blood stock high.

By a letter from Lexington, Ky., dated Aug. 3d, we learn that the match at Natchez, Miss., between Red Maria and Chuckfahila, and also the one between Hard Heart and Antelope, is *drawn!*

Mr. Richard Walters, the owner of *Rolla,* has challenged Mr. James Brown's *Mount Holly,* (of Philadelphia), to trot a match in harness or under the saddle, three mile heats. Rolla will give Mt. Holly $500 to $400 if he will meet him on the Centreville or Harlem courses—or he will trot for $500 even, at the Eagle, Trenton,—or over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, if the same odds be given him to go there.

There is an *on dit* that *Blackbird,* the Providence horse, (one of great promise), and its match *Jerry,* have lately been shipped to England. Both are fast and sound, and if the rumor is founded in fact, Nonpareil and My Lady will have something to do to maintain their places at the head of the trotting horses of Great Britain.

A "fast crab," in the shape of a trotter is now in training for a ten mile match on the Island. Should he not be found wanting, he will be despatched across the water forthwith.

A noted trotting horse in Boston, which beats all to pieces anything thereabouts, will probably show off here at Conklin's Fall meeting. The Yankees do "beat the Dutch" in sea serpents, pumpkin-pies "and sich," but as to their beating *Dutchman,* no horse they brag of is a huckleberry to him!

The Fall Meeting of the Centreville Trotting Club, promises to be bang up in the matter of horse flesh. Several fast ones, well known on the road, but that never have showed on the turf, are in training, and who knows how many Fire-Kings, Modestys, Fanny Pullens, and Rollas may turn up trumps?

P.S. Here's a chance for you, gentlemen! Conklin has just left us an advertisement of a Sweepstakes that takes the hair off! Read it on the last page Edwin Forrest is not excepted, nor anything that wears hair. We look to see Dutchman, Fanny Pullen, Confidence, Columbus, Fire King, and *one more* named for these Stakes.

THREE RIVERS, L. C., RACES.

We are glad to see that our Canadian friends have not fallen off this year in their devotion to the national characteristic of the Mother Country—a becoming interest in the improvement of the breed of that noblest of animals, the horse. The Montreal Turf Club lately met, and elected officers for the current year, (for which see another column), and promise capital sport at their annual meeting, commencing on the 30th instant. The Three Rivers races, the details of which are given below, were attended by a numerous assemblage of the talent and fashion of the Province. Though excluded from contesting for the King's Plate, several turfmen were present from the States, and their stables will probably "make their expenses," should they be entered for the purses, at Blainville, and Montreal. We are indebted to the Quebec *Mercury* and Montreal *Gazette,* for the report annexed, our special reporter, Mr. JOHN LEEFE, not having arrived in time. However, he will be in attendance at the other meetings in Canada, and we cordially commend him to the kind attentions of our friends, as a young gentleman every way worthy of their consideration. Mr. LEEFE will call upon our present subscribers there, and any aid in furtherance of his views will confer an obligation, which will be gratefully acknowledged by us.

July 28, 1836.—The Three Rivers Annual Races commenced to-day, and came off in the following order:—

The King's Plate of fifty guineas, a gift from our most gracious Sovereign.

Entrance 5*l.*; heats, two miles and a distance, open to all horses bred in the Province of Lower Canada that never won match, plate, or sweepstakes. Weights,—three years old, 8st. 2lbs.; four years old, 9st. 3lbs.; five years old, 9st. 9lbs.; six years old, 10st.

Mr. A. P. Hart's b m Brunette, aged, by Cock of the Rock, dam, Noblesse	4	1	1
Mr. Wm. Sharpe's b m Witch, by Sir Walter, dam, Countess	1	2	2
Mr. W. McGrath's b g Shillelagh, aged	2	dis.	
Mr. McDonald's c m Canada Lass, aged	3	dis.	
Mr. Gibb's b m Victoria, by Sir Walter, dam Roxana, 4 yrs old	5	dis.	
Mr. M. David's b g Vivian, by Brilliant, out of the imported mare Berwickshire Lass, 4 yrs old	6	dis.	

This race was well contested. The winner's sire, Cock of the Rock, contended often, and frequently with success, some years ago, on the Montreal course, on which the dam formerly known as the Mitchell mare, also, in her day, greatly distinguished herself. Victoria was badly ridden, and bolted in both heats. After she did so in the first heat, her rider brought her back on the course, and after passing several of the horses, she came in fourth.

That the restrictions under which horses run for the King's Plate, which his Majesty has been graciously pleased to give to Lower Canada, expressly for the encouragement of the breed of horses in this province, are not uncalled for, the following paragraph, which has appeared in the *New York Spirit of the Times,* and other papers devoted to sporting intelligence, will abundantly show. The object is to improve the breed of horses by giving a prize for horses "bred in the Province," and not to allow any *Philo* of the Turf from the neighboring States, however worthy a fellow or fair sportsman he may be, "to grace his sideboard," and walk off with his Majesty's *fifty guineas.* An amendment might, however, be made in allowing entire horses or mares imported from the Mother Country or from the United States to start, on the owners giving security that they should remain in the Province, for the purpose of breeding, for at least *five* years. The paragraph we refer to is as follows:—

"Mr. Philo C. Bush last year made a tour of the 'soft places' in the West and in Canada with his stable, raking most of the courses in his progress. Profiting by dear bought experience, the authorities of Canada, in offering a King's Plate to be run for this year at Three Rivers, excluded all horses not bred in the provinces, to the great disappointment of a gentleman who promised us a prime glass of punch from that same King's Plate, which his lady flattered herself would in due time grace her sideboard."

St. Maurice Stakes, of $40.

Open to all horses.—Entrance, $5; heats one mile and a distance. Weights,—3 yrs. old, 7st. 7lbs.; 4 yrs. old, 9st. 3lbs.; 5 yrs. old, 9st. 9lbs.; 6 yrs. old and aged, 10st.

Mr. Yarker's g g, 5 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Judah's c h Walterson, by Sir Walter, out of an imp. mare, aged	2	2

The Ladies Purse of $50.

Open to all horses.—Entrance, $10; heats, one mile and a distance; gentlemen riders. Weights, 10st.

Mr. Yarker's c m Rival, aged	1	1
Mr. A. P. Hart's b m Childers, aged	2	3
Mr. Weir's b g Shamrock, aged	3	2
Mr. Provandier's c m Time, 6 yrs old	4	5
Capt. Smith's b m Bessy Bedlam, aged	5	4

The weather was warm and dry during the day, and the course, which occupies an elevated sandy plain, being much cut up by the training over it, was very dusty. Much credit is due to the Stewards for their very judicious arrangements, and to the inhabitants of Three Rivers for the quiet and orderly manner in which every thing was conducted, no row or fighting having occurred, rather an unusual circumstance on a race course, where excitement is generally so great; but one thing was wanting to render the amusements complete, the Stewards for the next season may perhaps take the hint, there was neither a race dinner or ball; the sporting public expect one or the other, or both, if practicable, next year.

Third Day.—The weather was so bad that no race came off, except a match for 25 sovs., a single two miles, between Mr. Hart's Brunette, the winner of the King's Plate, and Mr. Weir's horse Shamrock, which ran second to Mr. Yarker's Rival in the second heat, for the Ladies' Purse. The horse proved the winner after a well contested race.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

By the arrival of the packet ship *Roscoe* from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 1st of June, we have received copious files of papers, and letters from our regular London and Liverpool Correspondents. We regret to learn by a private note of the necessity which induced the following apology:—

"Liverpool, June 1, 1836.

"*My Dear Sir,*—I have so much mutilated my hand by the bursting of a pistol, that I can scarcely hold a pen, which must excuse the short and imperfect letter I send you this week. In haste, yours truly, *****."

Latest State of the Odds, at Tattersalls, London.

JULY STAKES, P. P.

9 to 4 agst Colonel Peel's Fille de Joie filly (taken)
5 to 2 — Lord Exeter's two
3 to 1 — Lord Exeter's Brother to Beiram
4 to 1 — Lord Oxford's Angelica colt (taken)
6 to 1 — General Yates's Rigadoon

Very little was done on this race.

GOODWOOD CUP, P. P.

9 to 2 agst Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea (taken)
6 to 1 — Sir E. Baker's Bran (taken)
8 to 1 — Lord Jersey's Silenus, (10 to 1 taken)

6 to 1 against each of the three was taken in one bet.

GOODWOOD STAKES, P. P.

16 to 1 taken about Mr. Osbaldeston's Rush. Nothing else mentioned.

ST. LEGER.

Neither Gladiator nor Trapball were in any favor; 5, and in one instance 6 to 1, having been offered against the former, and 7 and 8 to 1 against the other. On the other hand, Wedge sprung two or three points, and although nominally second in the betting, is in reality as great a favorite as Gladiator. Beeswing and the Rachel colt were backed for a trifle at 11 to 1, but neither of them was in much demand. The Duke of Cleveland's Matilda colt, which, we understand, was backed at Newcastle at 10 to 1, came into the market at 15 to 1, afterwards found friends at 20 to 1 in the room, and at several points less out of it. The following were the last prices:—

5 to 1 agst Lord Wilton's Gladiator
6 to 1 — Hon. Colonel Westenra's Wedge
8 to 1 — Hon. Mr. Mostyn's Trapball
10 to 1 — Lord Lichfield's Elis
10 to 1 — Lord Westminster's Rachel c. (taken 11 to 1)
10 to 1 — Mr. Orde's Beeswing (taken 11 to 1)
13 to 1 — Mr. Bird's Redshank (taken)
20 to 1 — Duke of Cleaveland's Matilda (taken)
30 to 1 — Mr. Sadler's Demetrius (taken)
35 to 1 — Lord Westminster's Bombazine (taken)

A draft from Lord Exeter's stud was put up, and the following lots sold:—

	Guineas.
A Yearling, by Redgauntlet, out of Augusta's dam	76
King of Trumps	53
A Yearling, by Redgauntlet, out of Amina	50
A Yearling, Lamplighter, out of Palais Royal	46
Ceta, by The Colonel, out of Lamia	32
Total	257

The following race horses have already been purchased by Major Van Kretschman, for the Dutch Government:—

Intriguer, by Reveller; Tarrick and Mussulman, by Muley; Clarionet, by Emilius; Grammont, by Guberlunzie; The Captain, by Zinganee; Plinder, by Jerry; Irwell, by Battledore; Y. Langar (an Irish horse); ch. h. by Emilius, out of Spinning Jenny; Sussex, by Skim; Knottingley, by Waverley; Jacket, by Langar; and a colt by Camel, out of Ladybird.

MANCHESTER BETTING ON LIVERPOOL JULY CUP.

11 to 1 agst General Chasse
5 to 1 agst Mundig
10 to 1 agst Birdlime (taken)
14 to 1 agst Longinus (taken)
20 to 1 agst Tanworth
20 to 1 agst Inheritor
20 to 1 agst De Roos
25 to 1 agst St. Lawrence
100 to 3 agst Aurelius
100 to 3 agst Vestment.

In London the odds are *five* to one against Gen Chasse! and 14 to 1 against Longinus. There will be pockets to let somewhere.

The entire racing stud of the late Mr. Charles Day will be sold by Messrs. Tattersall, at Northleach, to-morrow week (4th July); it will consist of 39 lots, including eight brood mares of the best blood, seven three-year olds, by Velocipede, Defence, &c., several very promising two-year olds and yearlings, &c. &c. From the extraordinary excellence of the blood a good sale is expected.

It is reported that Mr. John Smith, trainer to the Duke of Cleaveland and Lord Kelburne, died a few days ago. His character for skill and integrity stood deservedly high, and his noble masters will be fortunate if they "look upon his like again." Colonel Westenra's Leger horse, Wedge, was trained by Smith.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Monday last, at Hall's cricket-ground, Camberwell, Brown, the pedestrian, undertook to walk twenty-seven miles in six hours, twelve miles of which he was to play the flute while walking. He completed his task seventeen minutes under the six hours.

THE MOORS.—Upon the higher range of the shooting-grounds, the ensuing grouse season is expected to be a very bad one, from the long continuance of the snow-storm. We have much better accounts from the lower districts, where the birds are plentiful, and the young broods numerous, averaging from eight to twelve each.

JACK ADAMS AND LANE, OF BIRMINGHAM.—The match between these men has been made for fifty pounds a-side; to come off on Tuesday, 23d August.

Mr. Buck, "The Lady's Man" in Seven Dials, who makes trotter cases for all the "fair sex" in St. Giles's, has purchased the Adelaide boots "planted" upon Jem Burn at Chipping Norton, on the day of Swift's fight, and displays them in his shop preserved in a glass case.

Tommy Sammons, alias Old Cock, has got a dog weighing 24 1-2lbs, that is open to fight any dog in the world for from ten to twenty pounds a-side.

RAT MATCH.—A rat match was made on Wednesday night at one of the most respectable hotels at the West-end, between two gentlemen, for the sum of £50. The match to come off on the 2d or 3d of September, at a shooting party, on the borders of Warwickshire. The dog Nettle is the property of Mr. W. Clark; the dog Crab is the property of Mr. R. Williamson. Nettle is the favourite by a little, but the odds are taken freely; each dog is to have 50 rats, and the one which accomplishes his task first, is accounted the victor. The dog Crab is but a young dog; but he has been twice well tried, when he gained each task most gallantly. His appearance tells us that he is cut out for his business.

In the museum of the Manchester Natural History Society is the stuffed skin of the head and the skull of "Old Billy," a horse which worked all his life on the towing-path of one of the canals adjoining Manchester, and died on the 27th of November, 1822, at an age testified beyond all doubt to have been 62 years! The head is well shaped, bearing the Norman character: the ears crouped, and the hair of the mane and foretop particularly fine, but bushy.

SPARROW SHOOTING.—A match for 25*l.* a-side was shot at the Hornsey Wood House on Thursday, between Mr. Thomas, of the Red House Club, and Mr. Wilson, of Islington, at 21 sparrows. They each scored 19, by Mr. Thomas missing his 13th and 18th bird, and Mr. Wilson his 13th and 21st. Mr. Wilson's 13th bird fell but half a yard out of bounds, which was limited to 40 yards. We observed Mr. Wilson is a left hand shot.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On Saturday, the 4th inst., the noblemen and gentlemen of the Red House Club commenced their season, and had a good day's sport. The shooting of a noble Lord, one of the club, was very great, he having killed 19 birds in succession, at 30 yards, from five traps. They again met on Monday and Thursday last; on each day the sport was highly satisfactory. Matches will be shot every day next week, and two of great importance will come off in a short time; but the days are not yet fixed.

ANGLING.—The Thames anglers are now in all their glory. There have been some fine fish caught at Hampton since the first instant; and our old friend Lawrence at the Red Lion, and the host of "the Bell,," have had some of the old school beating up their quarters, with the consolation of excellent sport. The spot is celebrated for good punts and experienced fishermen. A new edition of "The Angler's Manual," we see has been published, comprising in one small sheet the essence of the most expensive scientific and practical books written on the subject. It ought to be in the pocket book of every angler.

The Duke of Buccleuch, with his usual liberality, and in order to encourage the watermen and the sports on the Thames, has directed Castles, the well known waterman, to get up a grand scullers match between eight of the best men on the river. The match is to be in three heats, to be rowed between Waterloo and Westminster-bridges.

Accomplishment of the Great Match to Gravesend and back.

The great long-expected match of Mr. Robinson, to row to Gravesend and back from London-bridge, was decided on Tuesday, and that, too, within thirty-one minutes of the given time. From the first moment of making this match the greatest sporting interest was excited; and as the time advanced, and the difficulties of such an undertaking began more properly to be estimated, some thousands were posted on it. It had been made so far back as the middle of May, with certain reservations, which were anxiously sought for and very handsomely conceded. He was limited to row the distance in the last or present month, and was to have the choice of any of three days he might like to name, provided he gave notice of his intention to start at twelve the preceding day. From that time to to the 28th, anxiety has been upon the stretch, and many had some very strange ideas that it looked more like a hoax than anything else. The stake is differently stated in amount, varying from 800*l.* to 200*l.*; but this was not so much an object of consideration as the immense sums that depended on it. Mr. Robinson gave notice for the three last days of this month, and determined on Saturday, should there be anything like calm weather, to start yesterday morning. He has been in very powerful training for the last six weeks, under the direction of Lewis, his waterman, and was on Monday night in wonderfully good condition.—Betting at the commencement of the match had been 2 and 3 to 1 on time, and as it grew towards the last three days the odds increased to 5 to 1 against the accomplishment. The crack watermen of the day spent all their money on time, and when the question of its being done in seven hours and a half arose, as much as 10 to 1 was laid on time. At four precisely yesterday morning he was at the starting place, and on the time being regulated he started at an even but lasting pace. At Woolwich he had increased his speed, and was doing eight miles an hour. He stopped to refresh frequently, and complained of the brisk wind, which annoyed him considerably, so much so that he skipped water whenever he caught the breeze. Below Gallions this was particularly annoying, but the frail bark rode triumphantly over the waters. At Gravesend he got into his cutter and took some refreshment, but did not rest above five minutes, during which time he was drifting. He had when he resumed his labour four hours and ten minutes to make his way up in. He still went on with the same coolness as before, and three to one was offered that he would win the wager, and even money that he would accomplish it under seven hours and a half. He did not suffer so much from the wash of the steamers as it had been conjectured he would; and he made his appearance under the arch of London bridge thirty-one minutes within the given time. He was "baked" to perfection. He was immediately assisted, amidst deafening cheers, to Lewis's, and there, we understand, put to bed. It is the greatest thing that ever was attempted by a landsman, and there are not many watermen on the river who would have had the courage to attempt it.

TABLE TALK, FROM "THE AGE."

Brand, the City Marshalman, has been voted *insane* by the Court of Aldermen, because he helped himself to *turtle*, and took the audacious liberty of afterwards laughing at the exploit. He has been *suspended*. We wonder he has not been *hanged* outright:—

What!—rob Aldermen of turtle? Very bad!
He who'd attempt it must be surely *mad*.

Jack Gully says, "It's unkimmon strange and werry hodd that Tom Duncombe, being a Yorkshireman, should have sich a werry great hobjection to *Ham*." By-the-bye, strong hopes are entertained that poor Polignac and his fellow prisoners will save their *bacon* yet. Lord Nugent posed a member of Brookes's the other day, by asking, "Why a dungeon in the French fortress in *Pig*-ardy was likely to have been the birth-place of a British patriot?" "Coz (said the Bombadier) it is the place of *Ham-den*."

Finding the following, by Leigh Hunt, in the *New Monthly*, it struck us as worthy of parody:—

ROSES.
By Leigh Hunt.

We are blushing roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds,
Warming their green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only
Rival flower?—the human:
Loveliest weight on lightest foot—
Joy abundant woman.

NOSES.
By Jack Farley and Tim Curtis

We are blushing noses,
Blooming in our fulness,
'Midst our sharp-tipp'd brother snouts,
Warming their *blue* coolness.

Allsee'er of beauty
On each conk that goes is,
Blush, and bridge, and snuffle tip,
Shaped from both our noses.

Hold one of us lightly,
'Twixt thumb and finger tender;
Nothing e'er did mortal feel
So pliant, smooth, and tender.

Know you then our only
Rival snout? Pooh! pooh, man!
No rivals have our blazing conks,
On any mug that's human.

Why is a large black draught like sleepy Lord Glenelg?—Because it's a horrible dose,-sir, (dozer).

Tom Duncombe, we hear, recommends the "Corinthian" order for the new Houses; and Serjeant Talfourd the "Ion"-ic.

A curious mistake took place the other night at the "Swindle" in Pall Mall. A gentleman rather fresh walked in with "a lady," considering it a *maison* of a certain description, of which it has very much the appearance. "Sir, (said the porter) this is the Reform Club House." "Indeed! (replied the gent.) I took it to be a Reform b—— house!"

While Dan was at dinner on Friday last, working away at a fried sole, having, like a good Papist, the Pope in his interior—he asked for a something to flavor it. Mrs. Fitz handed him a bottle of zest, recommending it strongly. The minute Dan cast his eye upon the label he sent it with vehemence against the open mug of a Kerry garsoon behind Mrs. O'C.'s chair, exclaiming, "Blur and ouns, did'nt I have enough of *Harvey's sauce* the other evening?—to be sure I had, and the divil any more will I have here upon my *soul*."

We hear that Lord Mulgrave has in the press a new "Young's *Knight* Thoughts," with an episode called "Knight's Young Thoughts."

Captain *Peche*-ll appropriately supported the Fisheries' Bill; and we were glad to see he spoke feelingly upon all attempts at abstraction from the *net* profits of his Brighton constituents. The *claws* of the Bill touching *lobsters* also we are glad to *sea* was carried, *malgré* some *crabbed* opposition.

The Irish papers are filled, we see, with challenges from one town to another to produce the greatest *beauty*. Those towns who luxuriate in the constituents of the Tail, it strikes us, would have no difficulty in producing the greatest blackguards, if not beauties.

Impromptu on reading that several persons connected with the Turf were seen wearing veils on the road to Ascot:—

Say, why do Turfites go in veils
To Ascot and to other races?
Because, so runs loud rumor's tales,
They are ashamed to *show their faces*.

The celebrated Col. Crocket is no more. He fell as a warrior of his redoubted character should, in war in Texas. The following is the state in which the deceased, "half-horse half-alligator," fell:—"Crocket was found (within the Alamo, a fort,) in an angle made by two houses, lying on his back, a frown on his brow, and a smile of scorn on his lips—his knife in his hand, a dead Mexican lying across his body, and *twenty-two* more lying pell-mell before him in the angle.

The *Bangor Commercial Advertiser*, a Yankee paper, in ridicule of our old friend, Miss Martineau, says that according to the statement of the City Clerk, intentions of marriage have been published by him of two hundred and twenty-one couple; and he thinks that if it had not been for fear of a French war, he should have had fifty more:—

"Why should all girls (a wit exclaimed)
Surprising *farmers* be?
Because they're always studying
The art of *husband*-ry."

Sir Gray Skipwith is proposed for South Warwickshire solely because he has *eighteen children*. Sir Gray is called the *man of family*, his opponent the *family man*.

Mr. Jobaid, who has been long known for his useful inventions, has discovered a property hitherto unknown in the employment of steam as a moving power. Mr. Jobaid has gone to Paris to make his discovery known. So says a Brussels paper. We advise Mr. Jobaid to come over here; a "movement" is wanted by the Cabinet, and the steam of agitation to be kept up. His name too is most appropriate. So, therefore, come hither, Job-aid:—

The *Job*-bing Whigs will *aid* your rigs,
And all promote your trading;
To England come, 'tis land of *hum*,
The prime place for *Job-aid*-ing.

A Cork paper boastfully informs us that the Prince of Capua, by virtue of his marriage with Miss Smythe, has the right to be *buried* in Youghal churchyard. A very valuable dowry indeed:—

No doubt the Prince to this will say,
"Thanks to the Irish nation,
I've here, down to my *dying* day,
Matter of *grave* consolation."

Amongst all the flowers that bloomed on Saturday week at the *Haughty*-cultural Gardens, the chief and most attractive were the ladies' "two-lips," at least so we think.

Mike Scales, hearing that "Madog's Farewell" was the subject of much praise at the Eistefoddyfoddywoddy, we understand instantly commenced learning it, and may be heard whistling it through Whitechapel, to the confusion of all the curs in that neighborhood.

"Why did Wrightson take the reins out of Wason's hands the evening of his flare-up with Sir F. Trench?" asked a Member of Mr. Kearsley. "I suppose, in order to *bridle* his passions, and *curb* his anger," was the reply.

"Where did Wason go and hide himself?" asked Joe Hume of Smug Morrison. "Don't know, (answered the—lasher) but he took good care, wherever he went, that nobody else should *hide him*."

"I should think," said a Conservative M.P. the other evening, "when the true justice is rendered to Ireland, it will go hard with Sheil for his violent and inflammatory harangues." "Yes," answered the Joker-General of the Collective Wisdom; "under the best of circumstances he will *have a squeak for his life*."

From the Boston Atlas.

Thirteen persons have had to pay over $5 a head, within a week, for smoking cigars on the Common. Evening Transcript.

An elderly gentleman is discovered seated on the stone border of Frog Pond—his children playing near him. He takes a cigar out, lights it, and begins to smoke. Time—twilight. Enter Constable.

Constable—Come, old fellow, you must go with me to the Police Court and pay your fine, or be jugged.

Smoker—None of your jokes, Mr. Constable, I am a peaceable man, and the father of a family—let me alone. Hi ram, my boy, don't let your little sister fall into the water.

Constable—I guess you won't find it no joke old cock. So stir your stumps.—You're arrested.

Smoker—Arrested! at whose suit?

Constable—At the suit of the high and mighty Municipal authorities.

Smoker—For what crime?

Constable—Crime? No crime. For smoking cigars out of doors. So come along.

(Here the little children show signs of consternation, and burst into tears.)

Little Boy—Oh, dear! what's that nasty man going to do with pa?

Little Girl—He's going to be taken to jail, and hung, for smoking a cigar.

Smoker—Be still, children. But you don't mean to say, Mr. Constable, there's any law against smoking on the Common? Pray what harm can it do? There's no danger of my setting the Frog Pond on fire, is there?

Constable—No, there's no danger at all: but the smoke might hurt the new iron fence, may be.

Smoker—Well, 'pon my word, I did not think of that, I was doing more good than I intended: for an uglier fence, and one in viler taste, was never seen.

Constable—Don't be after blackguarding the new iron fence—or you'll stand a chance of being jugged for that too.

Smoker—(after singing a stanza of "Hail Columbia, happy land!") I thought, Mr. Constable, a man had a right in this free country to do what he liked, so that he violated neither public nor private rights. The fact is, I am a hard working man, and after the toil of the day, fond of indulging myself with one cigar—and as it is the only recreation that I allow myself, I think it is deuced hard I should not be suffered to take it. My wife won't let me smoke in the house, because she says it spoils the curtains, and the smell can't be got out. My back yard is filled up with wash-tubs and clothes lines. Now I am to be debarred the open air.—What, with my wife in doors, and the law out of doors, I shall have to give up smoking altogether.

Constable—I can't stay here palavering no longer, so put out your cigar and pay your fine. It's five dollars, Boston money.

Smoker—(taking out his pocket book, still continuing to smoke). Well, this five dollar bill would pay a quarter's schooling for that little boy and girl. But no matter. Here, take it. You'll let me smoke my cigar out, won't you?

Constable—No, put it out!

(Smoker throws the end of the cigar into the Frog Pond, which, strange to say!—did not take fire in consequence).

Smoker—Hollo, Mr. Constable, one word more before you are off. Will you be so good as to inform me how high up in the air the city jurisdiction extends? Because I should like to know whether I may smoke on the top of my house—or with Mr. Lauriat, if he will be so good as to take me into his balloon?

Little Boy—Pa! the fire-works on Independence day, did not set the Frog Pond or anything else on fire, did they?

Smoker—No, my dear, but they were to celebrate the birth of Freedom. We are all Freemen you know.

(Smoker rises, takes his little children by the hand, and walks musingly away. Just then a fire-balloon is seen mounting in the air, and the sovereign people hurrah).

LONDON PARTICULARS.

"Vy Jem, vot are you arter now? vot a Guy you look! S'elp me bob but I'd take you for a scare crow if I did'nt know you were von o' the reglars."—"Stow magging, Bob—I've cut the dustin line, and have turned hactor, and strike me lucky if I han't made a hit. I plays the Gravedigger in Hamlet to-night at Drury: you come and see me, and I'll show you how to come the hashes to hashes, and dust to dust, in right down arnest!"

Ah! through this world as mortals wend,
By shrew'd observers 'twill be noted
How seldom merit meets a friend,
How rarely talent is promoted.

Genius, the brightest, ne'er could screen
Its owner from hard Fortune's basting—
How many flowers must blush unseen,
Their sweetness on the desert wasting!

Yet there are some upon the town
That now in public favor revel,
Who broke the chains which held them down,
And proudly gain'd their proper level.

Worthies on Want's cold bosom nurst,
Who, though the storms of Fate might bluster,
Upon a wondering world have burst,
Like Phœbus in meridian lustre.

"Vy, Jem, you're rigg'd in famous style:
I've often wonder'd where they stow'd ye.
Where are your Dustman's togs and tile?
I'm bless'd, my tulip, if I know'd ye.

"Vot sort of business are you at?
You comes it strong enough, my master.
Yes, some folks cuts it precious fat,
With quizzing glass and lily castor!"

"Now, Bob, my hearty, vish me joy;
I vorks no longer like a nigger:
I've cut the dusting line, my boy,
And on the stage I sports my figure.

"In pantomime I've made a hit,
And so the managers apprise me.
Now, ven I takes my benefit,
I hopes you'll come and patronize me.

"But wulgar company I bar,
All heavy vet and max discarding;
For, now I'm deem'd by nobs a star,
And quite the life of Comment Garden.

"Of prime red port, or sherry nice,
I'll stand a pint without no joking;
But, Bob, do take a friend's advice,
And leave off that ere nasty smoking!"

REMINISCENCES OF THE CHATHAM STREET THEATRE.

In the palmy days of the Chatham-street theatre, there occurred many incidents well worth remembering. Little Barriere, the Frenchman who was the projector of the establishment, was an odd character, and so were Kilner, and the other worthies connected with it. Of these two managers, there are many remembrances extant, but for the present we will content ourselves with a tale about the last lessee, William H. Wallack. It will be recollected that this actor is a Jew, and at the time we are speaking of, for some reason best known to himself, was anxious to conceal that circumstance from the knowledge of the world in general, and the *corps dramatique* in particular. Among the members of Wallack's company, was a Doctor Carr, who led the supernumeraries, was captain of all the banditti, chief assassin, principal in the Indian war-dances, and grand standard bearer in all processions. He had been what is commonly denominated a corn-doctor in his day; but finding his practice exceedingly limited, he took to the sock and buskin, under the direction of the aforesaid Mr. Harry Wallack. Now be it known that the learned M. D. was often guilty of crucifying the King's English, as far as the *v*'s and *w*'s were concerned, and took liberties with several other letters of the alphabet; and that the stage manager had a horrid habit of omitting the *h*'s in their proper places, and substituting them where they did not belong. The one always praised the lady he liked as a lovely *wirgin*, and denounced the man he disliked as a *wiper*—while the other constantly prated about his 'onor in the city, which he would exhibit to any of his friends as soon as he could find his 'at, which, by the way, always unfortunately happened to be any where but on his 'ead. They were nightly before the public; Wallack as the proud representative of all the *top* characters, and Carr ambitiously struggling at the *bottom* of his profession. They worked hard in their respective vocations, but with this difference. Wallack receiving a large reward for his labors, while Carr obtained but a poor pittance for doing all the bloody work of the stage. There was a mutual dislike between these heroes, and they seldom spoke to each other except in the way of their profession. Whether this arose from jealousy of each other's powers and personal accomplishments, was never accurately ascertained; there were many surmises, hints, and rumors at the time, but as veracious historians, we shall exclude them from this authentic narration. One evening, after the performance of a celebrated piece, in which both appeared, and in which both were thought to have done remarkably well,—(Wallack in Roman toga, and imperial mantle, and Carr in cork whiskers, with a tin pot upon his head, and a gigantic standard in his hand, which he carried with much onction)—the Doctor approached the manager, and thus addressed him:—

"Good evening, Mr. *V*allack."

"*Ow* d'ye do, Dr. Carr, what '*ave* you got to say to me?"

"*V*e've been *w*erry busy to-night—*w*erry."

"Yes, Doctor, '*ard* work."

"*Werry*—and for this hard *v*ork I *v*ants an *h*increase of *v*ages, Mr. *V*alleck."

"The devil you do!"

"Yes—the salary I receives is *h*altogether *h*insufficient to make both *h*ends meet when Christmas comes."

"'*Ow* so? your salary is quite enough to support you."

"*V*y, Mr. *V*allack—I *h*only gets *h*eighteen shillings a *v*eek."

"Well—that's more than you're worth—how do you manage to get clear of this large weekly disbursement—you must be extravagant if you spend it all."

"*V*ell, that beats cock-fighting—I'm not *h*extravagant, Mr. *V*allack, but *w*erry *h*economical."

"Then how do you spend it?"

"*V*y, I pays four shillings a *v*eek for rent."

"But the other dollar and three quarters?"

"Vell, *v*one dollar of that goes for *w*ictuals—."

"Then you have three quarters of a dollar weekly to lay up against a rainy day? why, doctor, you must be growing rich."

"Not at all, Mr. *V*allack; I *v*ish I *v*as! quite the contrary, I assure you. But the other three quarters goes for toggery, and to keep myself decent, and look like a gentleman, for the credit of the *h*establishment."

"Well, Doctor, I don't see you 'ave any thing to complain of, now that all your wants are supplied."

"Vy, Mr. *V*allack, how *can* you say so?"

"I really cannot see what other expenses you can possibly have."

"But I have other expenses, *v*ether you can see them or not, Mr. *V*allack."

"What are they, Doctor?"

"*V*y, Sir, I suppose I might as *v*ell tell you—I keeps a *v*oman, Mr. Vallack."

"A woman!"

"Yes, Mr. Vallack, and I does it from motives of heconomy; she does my vashing, hironing, and hother hodd jobs."

"Oh, you bad man, hain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"No, Mr. Vallack, I hain't—and I must and vill have more vages."

"Dr. Carr," said the manager, with virtuous indignation, and becoming gravity, "it is my duty to discourage all such himmoralities in the company I have the *h*onor to direct. By your own confession you stand convicted of a piece of unparalleled extravagance, wasting money like water; and the frivolity of your hexcuse only enhances your moral turpitude. Sir, you are a disgrace to the profession."

"Vell now, that's vat I calls Satan reproving sin."

"Dr. Carr, the devil can quote scripture for his purposes; but it will avail you nothing, Sir, for hon my *h*onor you shall not have another cent hadded to your salary to disgrace us all with your hextravagance. Besides, Doctor, you murder the king's English most atrociously."

"How so, Mr. Vallack?"

"Why, Doctor, to be plain with you, you misplace the *v*'s and *w*'s whenever you have occasion to use those unoffending characters; and to night, when you made your hexit at the hend of the third scene of the first hact, where you had to 'wish me well,' you said, Dr. Carr, and I blushed for your ignorance, you '*v*ished' me *v*ell'—now, Doctor, this is an exceedingly unpleasant situation for the manager to be placed in before such an enlightened audience as that of Chatham Theatre."

"Vell, vot of it? Ven you left the stage at the close of the same scene, ven you had to say—'Heaven help the heroes'—you said, ''*E*ven 'elp the 'eroes! Oh, Mr. Vallack, it was 'orrid, and the haudience laughed outright."

"Doctor Carr," said the manager, with an air and tone of offended dignity, "that's personal, and you must leave the theatre forthwith. You have weak points about you."

"So have you, Mr. Vallack."

"Me!"

"You, you, or you vould not treat a *brother* in his vay."

"A what?"

"A brother."

"A brother!"

"Yes, Mr. Vallack, I ham a Hisraelite; and I don't care who knows it."

At this awful disclosure, Wallack was dumbfounded; looked at the ceiling, the floor, the assembled green-room, the ladies, the gentlemen, the fiddlers, the scene-shifters, the call-boy, the little boys, the tall boys—and then he looked at Dr. Carr, who complacently took him aside.

"Vell, Mr. Vallack, I did not hintend to hinjure your feelings."

"But, Doctor, you have done so."

"Vell, Mr. Vallack, I likes to make hatonemental. Give me three dollars a veek, and nobody shall be a bit the viser."

"Well, Doctor, never say any thing about my being an Israelite again, and I will raise your salary, and whether you keep one or ten women, it's all the same to me."

"Vell, Mr. Vallack, that's liberal—give us your hand upon it. I'm mum—I scorns to do a hinjury to a brother; and hereafter ve vill be better friends."

The bargain was struck, and Carr and Wallack were hand and glove for ever afterwards. N. Y. Transcript.

SHARK FISHING ABOUT NEW YORK.

Shark fishing is an amusement which is sometimes practised on our coast, but is confined, we believe, to a few amateurs. A large hook is provided, about a foot in length, and baited with a blackfish, the skin of which is stripped off, in order that the whiteness may attract the notice of the shark. To the hook is fastened an iron chain, about three feet long, and to the end of this is attached the line. The bait is let down in the water to the depth of about twelve feet. If the fish is near, he seizes it, with all the greediness of a modern monopolist, and darts away with it. The person holding the line suffers him to run a rod or two with the hook, and then pulls it back with a strong and sudden jerk, in order to fasten it in the huge mouth of the creature. He is then pulled up to the boat, where his head is brought firmly against the gunwale, and another person standing near with a club, belabors him on the head until he is lifeless, and he is then drawn into the bottom of the boat. The strength, and violent struggles, and loud blowing of the shark, together with the idea of destroying a creature so dangerous to man, make the sport exceedingly animated and exciting.

A party from this city were landed the other day from the steamboat Lexington at Faulkner's Island, for the purpose of enjoying this amusement. Faulkner's Island, situated off Guilford Point, as our readers doubtless know, belongs to the United States; and its four acres of land, rising about forty feet above the water, [illegible] with a light-house kept by Mr. Kimberly, an obliging friendly man, who received his visitors with much hospitality. They were taken in a boat to Goose Island, belonging to Mr. Kimberly, lying at the distance of a mile, with about a quarter of an acre of coarse vegetation upon it, among which myriads of gulls make their nests. On the approach of a strange boat these birds rise in a cloud which fairly darkens the sky, wheeling about in circles and filling the air with their screams. They are never suffered to be shot on account of their use to such as navigate the sound in foggy weather, when their screaming, or the flight of such of them as happen to come in sight, serves to indicate the place of the island they inhabit. The boat was anchored off Goose Island, the baits were prepared and dropped into the water, and as it fortunately happened that a shoal of sharks were near the spot, the sport was pursued with the greatest success. In the course of an hour and a half six of these large animals, from five to seven feet in length, were caught, despatched, and hauled into the boat, amidst their fierce struggles, the splashing of the water, and their strong breathing, which almost amounted to bellowing. One of them, when brought up to the gunwale of the boat, made a sudden leap, and threw his whole length into the bottom of the boat, knocking down and overlaying some of the party, and striking the leg of one of them with his tail so violently, as almost to break the limb. About twelve others were hooked, but broke away. The sharks seemed to enjoy the sport almost as much as those who were engaged in catching them. They came around the boat in great numbers, and seemed eagerly to wait their turn of taking the bait.

At a place called East Bank, about a mile and a half to the east of Faulkner's Island, where the water is deeper than near the shore of Goose Island, sharks of a larger size are often caught. One of the party, a few years since, hooked in this place, a shark twelve feet in length, which dragged his boat for the distance of half a mile. Another boat coming to his assistance, the enormous creature was hauled up, despatched, and brought to land. Evening Post.

"A TAR ON A LEE SHORE."—A red faced, jolly-looking son of Neptune, who gave his name *Jack Robinson*, was brought up in custody, on the charge of having refused to pay the legal fare for the hire of the cabriolet No. 735. Jack, on being asked why he objected to pay complainant his demand, placed his arms a-kimbo, and said, "My noble lord and gentlemen, the plain truth of the matter, without any gammon or nonsense at all, is this here—I came over in the Spartan from New-York, and landed at Bristol, when I directly brought myself to an anchor a-top of a stage, and got into London yesterday. Well, I happened somehow or another to be steering along Ratcliffe-highway, where I had just spoke with a shipmate, when up comes this land lubber, and axed me if I wanted a ride; so I set sail in his craft, and told him to cut on like lightning to Totenham-court-road, but afore I got into my berth I says, says I, "Now, mate, what's the price of the passage?" and he agreed to land me for two bob, with the understanding, my Lord, that on the road I was to stand grog for us both, which I did, and when I got out I offered him the blunt, but he wouldn't have it, and said he should charge for time instead of distance. "Avast there, my lad," says I, "I shan't pay it; so you may do your best and be d—d," and with that he calls this blue-coated fellow, (pointing to a policeman), who locked me up in a little square crib, worse than the black hole in Calcutta. This my Lord, (making a profound bow and scraping his foot on the floor, in the true sailor-like style), is the whole truth, and no gammon whatsomever." Jack Robinson was discharged.

PUFFING IN LONDON.—In the great British metropolis every thing has its price, down to a paragraph in the newspapers. Some years ago, Mr. R., an American gentleman, having discovered some new process by which he thought bank notes were to be gained, concluded to try his fortune in London. Very soon after his arrival, he presented himself at the office of one of the leading journals, and requested to see the editor. He was requested to give his name and business, which he did, and an answer was speedily brought that the editor was engaged. By the dint of great urgency, he at last succeeded in making his way to the room of the sub-editor, and, having never found any difficulty in obtaining a hearing from gentlemen of the press in his own country, where the time of an editor is considered almost as public property, he proceeded at once to explain his discovery, supposing that it would be received as a favor, and duly glorified in the next day's impression. Before he had fairly made his beginning, however, the sub-editor cut him short politely but firmly, by saying he had no time to spare, and that he presumed his visitor's object was to have his discovery noticed.

"Why, yes, Sir, I should like."

"It can be done, Sir, without any trouble—write whatever you like, and it shall go in—of course you will leave your address—the clerk in the office will arrange with you as to the terms—good morning, Sir."

Finding himself bowed out, Mr. R. went back to the office, where he was furnished with pen, ink, and paper, sat down, and in the course of twenty minutes, produced an editorial paragraph of above twice the number of these lines. This he handed to the clerk, merely asking whether it would appear the next day.

"Certainly, Sir."

"Editorial?"

"Yes, Sir, in the editorial columns—I presume you would not wish it in the largest type used on the paper?"

"Why, yes, Sir, I should prefer that."

"In that case, the charge will be ten guineas—if in the smaller type, five."

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

THE BEST OF WIVES.—A middle-aged couple, rejoicing in the curious name of Tubbs—she, hard-featured, and thin as a match; he, short, wide-mouthed, and bandy—came before the Bench to have their conjugal disputes adjusted.—The wife, who was the complainant, said, her handsome helpmate had made, when first married, one of the "best of husbands, and she, in return, had made one of the "best of wives," bringing him four little Tubbs in the space of as many years. Latterly, however, her husband had enrolled himself a member of some march of intellect association, and had neglected his business to attend the harangues of sundry of the great oratorical "unwashed." He carried matters so far at last as to tell this "best of wives" that she must get money to support him, as his time was occupied with affairs a vast deal more important than such common-place matters as shoe mending. She left him a few days ago, and took a room, but, on Sunday morning, he came to her place, broke open the door, and threatened to murder her.—"Your worship," said the male Tubbs, "it's very true I'm one of the best of husbands, but as for she being the best of wives, vy, it's quite t'other. When I busted open her door on Sunday, I found a man there, just putting on his unmentionables."

Mrs. Tubbs.—Oh, Tubbs! consider my character.

Magistrate.—Was there a man in your bed-room?

Mrs. Tubbs.—I'll explain how that occurred. A young man who know'd me before I was married, came in and told me he could not get in his lodgings, so I gave him leave to lie down in my bed while I got him some breakfast.

Tubbs.—Yes, your Worship, the best of every thing—hot rolls and pork sausages.—(Wiping his eyes)—She never did so for me all the time we've been married.

Mrs. Tubbs.—Oh, Tubbs! you know I've made you a good, prudent wife, only you was always a little jealous, and with no more cause than you had on Sunday morning.

The Magistrate recommended the disputants to talk over the matter, and having received an assurance from the husband that he would not molest his wife, discharged the warrant.

A candidate for an office in Illinois, addresses his fellow citizens after the fashion here following:—

TO THE VOTERS OF ADAM'S COUNTY—FELLOW CITIZENS,—In solisiting your *suffridges* for the highly responsible office of County Commissioner, I deem it an act of justice to myself, and of duty to you, to declare implicitly the presentments which have governed my private life, and which (by your leave) shall in future direct my public and officious conduct. Awar of my own want of equalificashuns, and the superior retainments of my numerous deponents, I was at first unwilling to run the race; but being a democrat of the Jeffresonian school, and reporting the right of every indivisible, however weak and humble his pretences, to be a candydate, when he and his friends has a mind to it, after many unsuspected calls, I dissolved to obey their motion and take the field. I have not mounted a stump, fellow citizens, for my habits unfit me for expressing my feeling in such an imminent attitude; but I can sit down quietly in a corner of the fence, and show you my fundamental colors upon paper. Since I am a candydate, I wish to be elected, for no man, (who is not above or below a human,) can run for an officious post without a desire of excess. As to my prince apples, which are various and implicated,—1st. I am agin the absolutionists, tongue, tooth, and toenail. 2d. I am opposed to money pulleys of every sort and kind. 3d. I don't believe in Dandy Arristicraties of no stamp or dye. 4th. I go in for practicable econermy, and if elected won't take more than a dollar a day, whereas the present recumbents of the office get a dollar and a half. 5th. I want every man to have a road to his house, and another from it, if he wants and can git it; and every man to move a public road outer his fence, if it is not more than forty rods off. 6th. I am a friend to the pour, I think the rich should be taxed for their benyfit, and no popper sent out of the court unheard. 7th. I'm agin this bull-law, of which I've heard so much. I don't admire a stump tail bull in fly time, but the consarn is his and his owner's, and I don't see why a poor man have not as much right to a bob-tail bull as a rich man have to a short horn bull. I condemn the law as invading private rights in the person of a bull, and I think the law should be "so tender of his feeling as for to give him a remedy." If I'm elected, I never will appoint a bull suspector of the country. It is so common for Dimagogs to harrangue about reform and refreshment, when they want to git into office, and after they have got in to do just as their successors did before them, that I'm most afeard you won't hardly believe me; but if I don't toe the mark I have made, I wish I may be jumped up. I will exclude this supposition of my views, fellow citizens, with the following matter:—"First be shore you are rite and then go it—go it with a perfect looseness!" Respectfully your fellow citizen,

RICHARD OWEN.

THE HORSE.—Extract from a work recently published, entitled the "Adventures of a Gentleman in search of a Horse:"—

"There is a variation between the horse's and the human eye, of a very important and particular character; at the inner angle of the eye, there is found a dark membrane that apparently at the pleasure of the animal, is shot rapidly over the eye, like a veil; it is instantly withdrawn, and in its rapid transit cleans the eye-ball of dust or foreign particles that may have accidentally lodged upon it. This membrane is called the *haw:* it is not muscular, but its action is curiously explained; it is projected from its place by the compression or rather depression of the eye-ball into the socket, occasioned by the retractor muscle. When the eye is depressed by the play of this muscle, the elasticity of the fatty substance behind the eye-ball, causes the haw to extend itself from the corner of the eye, over the visible surface; when the retractor muscle ceases to act, the eye-ball resumes its usual position, the fat returns to its place behind, and the haw also returns to the socket from which it has been momentarily pushed forward.

I am the more particular in thus describing the utility and action of the haw because such is the gross ignorance of the majority of country farriers, that when this membrane has been affected by a temporary inflammation of the eye, and thus become enlarged and more prominent than usual, it has been regarded as a diseased excrescence, and actually extirpated, to the permanent injury of the horse. Instead of endeavoring to subdue the inflammation by the ordinary remedies, it has appeared the simplest way to remove the diseased part, and thus the eye, though for a time apparently restored to health, has in the end been lost by the casual introduction of impurities, such as dust, flies, &c., which there no longer remains any natural means of removing. It will scarcely be credited by general readers, that so prevalent is this error as to have found a place in that learned work, the Encyclopædia of Rees, where, under the article *haw,* this membrane is described as a diseased tumor in the eye, and instructions are given for removing it!!! This may give a useful hint not to confide very readily to the opinions of those farriers, whose station in life justifies a suspicion that their knowledge is mere practical, and not founded upon scientific instruction."

A CARD.

TO protect the property of my children, acquired by a life of industry and assiduity, I feel it necessary to retire from that state of society, in which there is no security for property, or even for person.

J. SCHOLS.

Wallabout, July 20, 1836.

N.B. Mr. Sheriff may levy as soon as he pleases, and assist me in the disposal of my personal property prior to my departure.

a 6–3t.

ANOTHER CARD.

SAID a father to his son, who complained bitterly of having been stung by a nettle, "you should have handled it strongly, and you would not have been hurt by it." That a certain party predominate here, dividing the spoils *corruptedly* increasing every day; and carrying their *pestiferous* influence and plots, to the ruin of private families and individuals, arises from the same cause, namely: their opponents know not how to treat them. I have been that odious creature, to the little minds, a manufactured citizen, that meddled not. Had you been a Jackson man, said a person to me, the award in a certain recent case, instead of being $1,500, would have been six cents or less. "*Yet I have voted for no one.*" Nor did I intend to write upon politics in this country; but the iron hand of political oppression has been fixed on me; and I mean, in a PAMPHLET, to publish, if not my farewell, at least my inaugurate address, before I go. Want of genius reduces, would be, aspiring men, to low shifts, and designations of those, with whose intelligence they cannot compete, and consequently whose character they cannot read. My last, and for which I believe I am indebted to Davis, of the New York Times, is I think, That eccentric being,

JAMES SCHOLS.

a 6–3t.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarta	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	1 00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	2 00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	3 00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE entire number of the American Monthly Magazine for August, was consumed by the late fire in Gold-street. Another number is already in progress, and will be issued early in the month, after which it will be published as usual on the first day of each month.

a 6. GEO. DEARBORN, Publisher, 55 Gold-street

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers,* that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range. and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama,* Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence, Doings in the Fashionable Circles,* &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar,* compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come,* Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges,* and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washingten and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times,* a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES,
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books, Reviews,* and *Magazines,* and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,
William E. Burton,
Eliza Sharpe,
John R. Scott,
Celeste Kepler,
John Fisher,
Eliza Riddle,
Joseph Wood,
Mary Wood,
Henry James Finn,
Mary Duff,
John Mason,
Frances Mary Pritchard,
John Sefton,
Louisa A. Phillips,
Henry James Hackett,
Fanny A. Drake,
Joseph M. Field,
Henry Placide,
Mary Vos,
James W. Wallack,
Elizabeth Chapman,
Charles Booth Parsons,
William F. Gates,
Emma Wheatley,
George Barrett,
Junius Brutus Booth,
Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
George H. Hill,
Tyrone Power,
Charlotte Watson,
Augustus A. Adams,
Josephine Clifton,
Charles Kean,
John Barnes,
J. W. S. Hows

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting,* as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals,* and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town.* And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES.

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times,* for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance). $5 00
For Six Months. 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines. $3 00
Each subsequent insertion. 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER.
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

THEATRICAL CARD.

WE, the undersigned, Managers of the Nashville Theatre, Tennessee, deem it necessary to state, as a caution to managers generally, that after engaging a full stock company, together with an efficient orchestra, that would cope with any other establishment in the United States, to open on the 15th instant, have been deterred from doing so, owing to the non-arrival of several, who were *bona fide* engaged, and who have shown no cause whatever for breaking their engagement—to wit:

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, formerly Miss Lane; Mrs. Kinloch; Mr. G. S. Lyons; Mrs. Lyons; Mr. Thompson; Charles Mather; J. S. Silsby; all from the St. Charles-st. Theatre, New Orleans. Also, J Fly, Stage Carpenter.

Having taken legal advice, we shall prosecute each and all on this black list, whom we deem unworthy of the attention of any respectable manager.

J. WARRELL & THOS. M. GROVES.

Nashville, Tennessee, June 18, 1836. jy 16.

WANTED,

BY a young man, who can procure the most undoubted security and references, a situation as Book-keeper or assistant, or Collecting Clerk. The advertiser has many advantages, and would make himself generally useful. Please address M. P. 147 Fulton street.

WANTED,

A PARTNER, in the Porter, Ale, and Wine Bottling Business. Any person having a few hundred dollars, would find it their interest to embark in the above, as the advertiser has first rate connexions, and will embark a suitable capital.

Address J. P. at 296 Pearl street, stating real name and where an interview may be had.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

jy 23.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY.	" J. G. Jenkins.	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.

The ROBERT L. STEVENS, J. P. Dean.

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO,* NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases.

W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease.

CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols, Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6–6t. GEO. DEARBORN.

D. L. P. WRILEY. SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a 6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836-7-8.

Augusta, Ga. - - - - -	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
“ “	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley.*
Alexandria, La. - - -	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
“ “	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
Bowling Green, Va.	Wythe County Club, 3d Wednesday, 17th Aug.
Baltimore, Md - - -	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
“ “	Match, $6000 aside, ch c *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of spr. meeting 1837.
Belfield, Va. - - - -	Fall meeting, second Tuesday, 12th Sept.
Blainville, L. C. - -	Third Monday, 15th Aug. (After 1st day open to all horses.)
Culpeper C. H. Va. -	Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
Crab Orchard, Ky.,	Spring Hill Association. ☞ Time of races *changed* to last Thursday, 25th Aug., by S. O. Middleton, Sec., to prevent interference with the Richmond Club.
Charlestown, Va. - -	Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 26th Sept. On the 1st day will come off a
“ “	Match, $1000 a-side, —— heats, *Charles Scott*, vs. *Florinda.*
Davison's Course, -	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
Danville, Va. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct ☞ Time *changed* by J. Bibb Terry, Esq. Sec., in "Danville Reporter."
Franklin, La. - - - -	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Florence, Ala. - - - -	Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 24th Oct
Gallatin, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
Hartsville, Tenn. -	Jockey Club, Central Course, Fall meeting, 1st Treaday, 6th Sept.
Jackson, Tenn. - - -	District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct.
Kendall Course, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
Louisville, Ky. - -	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
Lynchburg, Va. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
Montreal, L. C. - -	Turf Club, Annual meeting, last Tuesday, 30th Aug.
Madison, Ky. - - - -	Association, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 1st Sept.
New-York City. - -	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Natchez, Miss. - - -	Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
“ “	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
“ “	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. Imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
“ “	Match, Mile heats, $2000 a side; full br. to Naked Truth, vs. Imp. f. by Muley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
“ “	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837. [Day and distance not declared.]
“ “	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., Two mile heats, *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Pharsalia Course Feb. 1837.
Nashville, Tenn. - -	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
“ “	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Norfolk, Va. - - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting 3d Monday, 19th Sept.
Newberry, S. C. - -	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C. - - - -	Wednesday, 19th Oct.
Pittsburgh, Pa. - - -	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
Richmond, Ky. - - -	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 1st Sept.
St. Louis, Mo. - - - -	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
Trenton, N. J. - - - -	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
Tappahannock, Va. -	Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
Upper Marlboro, Md.	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
“ “	Match, -- heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic*, 1st day of Fall meeting, Tuesday, 4th Oct.
“ “	Match, -- heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Saturday, 8th Oct., last day of Fall meeting.
Washington, D. C. -	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Varieties.

George II. being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious (King's) speech, replied, that he hoped the man's punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he had read both, and as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

LATIN QUOTATION.—A rustic who had been put to law expenses by a brutal landlord, complaining of it to the village schoolmaster. "Never mind him," said the pedagogue, "he is known to be *sui generis.*" "I know he did *sue I*," replied Hodge, "but I never heard he wur *generous* in all my life."

An attorney brought an immense bill to a lady for some business he had done for her. The lady (to whom he had once paid his addresses) murmured at the charges. "Madam," replied the limb of the law, "I had a mind to convince you that my profession is lucrative, and that I should not have made a bad match."

HOW PEOPLE LIVE IN TOWN.—A very honest hearted Dutchman who had seen but little of the world, took it in his head to visit the metropolis, a place he had never before seen—but among all the wonders which perplexed him, he "could'nt zee how de people all got a liffen upon the town—they all stands or walks apout and doen't work none at all." One of his own experienced neighbors explained the mystery thus: "I tells you Hans—dey follows sceaten one another, and dat dey calls pisiness, and dat's te way deh kits dere liffen!"

A TOUGH ONE.—One of the horses employed in propelling a ferry boat on the small streams near the disputed northeast boundary, blew up a few days ago with a great explosion, knocking the helmsman and one passenger overboard, the remainder narrowly escaping injury. The explosion was attributed to a little saltpetre used instead of salt in the unfortunate animal's provender.

Some of the German wines are as sour as vinegar, and as rough as a file. It is remarked of those of Studgard, that one, is like a cat going down your throat, and another is like the same cat drawn back again by the tail.

WHO WANTS A PLACE?—A gentleman in Pawtucket advertises for a servant of a middling sized character, with large hands and a small appetite.

A DOSE.—A fine, open hearted man, who was on a committee to raise money for the celebration of a great holiday, asked a physician if he would not give something for the common cause. The Doctor answered, "Oh, most certainly; with all my heart."

The committee man, overjoyed at the offer, eagerly asked the Doctor the amount of his intended donation: "Oh," replied he, "I shall not stand about the amount. I will give you all a good dose of *jalap*, the day after the spree."

Pawtucket Chron.

Mr. Graham, of pump-water and bran-bread celebrity, has been launching his invectives lately against the "flesh-pots," not of Egypt, but of Nantucket. His system of diet, however, does not appear to have sat well upon the stomachs of that hardy and amphibious people. The race of *Coffins*, long and short, large and small, displayed a very natural repugnance to his doctrines—they even went so far as to express a fear that if the philosopher remained much longer among them, they must all be incontinently *used up*, a consummation most devoutly to be dreaded. A wag, while discussing the merits of his precepts and his bread, gave it as his opinion, that it by no means followed that because a man can't *digest* either, therefore he must *jest-di*.

Emigrant.

The editor of the Spirit of the Times, says that he is like "a line of linked sweetness:—long drawn out." We trust from this that our pleasant contemporary don't mean to say that he has grown any longer than formerly, unless he intends to exhibit himself for the great sea-serpent at Peale's Museum, seeing that so long as we can remember him, he has been almost able, by standing on his "tippy" toes, to hang his hat upon the steeple of St. Paul's church. If we had one of the guages by which the Sappers and Miners in Ireland measure mountains, we would endeavour to take his altitude on the first fair opportunity.

So says, good humouredly, the editor of the *N. Y. European*. Our friend, referred to above, certainly *stands very high* in the opinion of all good fellows, and would do very well for the office of *overseer* of the wits of Gotham.

Washington Mirror.

The editor of the European, by the way, deserves our commisseration; hear him:—

"Some person rejoicing in the name of John M. Moore, in this city, has been nearly the death of us. It seems he received a prize in the lottery, on Friday last, of one hundred thousand dollars, and we, in consequence thereof, have been pestered with duns, devils, and compliments ever since. As we do not choose to take the credit, without the responsibility of this matter, we again beg to say, that the happy John M. Moore, who received the hundred thousand dollars, is not the editor of the European."

WAKE SNAKES!—EDICATION IS RIZ.—A traveller copied the subjoined advertisement, or notice, on board the Lake George steamboat last week:

9 liven live Rattil snaix
from tung mounting
Admittins sickspunts Children haff
pryce
PS. These ere snaix have all got thare
teith in—but they cant bight.

Boston Transcript.

COATESVILLE AHEAD!—"Hide your diminished heads, ye little stars!" A citizen of this place, has left at the office a *potatoe stalk*, of the Mercer kind, measuring six feet one inch in height. How now, ye "stalking Timothies," do you knock under?

Coatesville Advertiser.

SHIP RACE.—Twelve ships sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 8th instant. Among them were the packet ships the Sheffield, Allen, the Columbus, Palmer, and the George Washington, Holdredge, and several first rate vessels, the Star, the Congress, the Josephine, &c. Heavy bets were laid on the respective ships at the time of sailing. The three packet ships, having parted company, fell in with each other on the Banks of Newfoundland. Here they parted. The George Washington passed Holyhead on Saturday forenoon: two to three hours afterwards the Sheffield passed the same place. Both ships entered the Mersey in the course of the afternoon, after a run of seventeen days from port to port. The Columbus arrived yesterday morning. None of the other ships have yet appeared.

Liverpool Journal.

Bear Fish and *Stories* are all the rage among our country contemporaries. The following items have been exscissorized the last week:—

STURDY STURGEON.—A sturgeon measuring 8½ feet in length, and weighing 278 pounds, was taken yesterday morning in the Merrimac river, at the foot of Pautucket Falls, by Messrs. Page and Coburn, of Dracutt. He was killed with a spear.

Lowell (Mass.) Courier.

A large bear, weighing upwards of 600 pounds, was shot on the 4th of July at Salom River Lakes, N. S. He was at the time summarily engaged in *lynching* an ox. One of his paws measured eight inches in length and five in breadth.

Nova Scotian.

A cat-fish was caught at this place a few days since, by some of the hands of the steamboat Revenue, weighing upwards of 180 pounds. Said fish measured thirteen feet seven inches in length, and twelve inches between the eyes. To use the back woods phrase, we would say it was a *whapper*.

Alexandria (La.) Intelligencer.

ANOTHER FISH STORY.—Two boys named Casens, lately caught near Monroe, upwards of *six bushels* of cat-fish and a bear, in the short space of two hours.

Red River Gazette.

The *fishy* part of the above is rather a *twister*; but further, he says, "The river is so full of them, (we suppose he means bears,) that we have seen old barking hounds picking them out at low water, and running away with them by hundreds!" This is a *poser*—we don't believe *it*, nor the fish tale either.

St. Francisville (La.) Journal.

ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.—The Portland Advertiser relates, that on Friday, a young man by the name of Lovett, went a few miles outside the lighthouse in a small boat, for the purpose of catching mackerel. While he was fishing, he observed a very large shark playing around the boat, by which being considerably troubled, his line being tangled, the mackeril driven away, &c., he struck him with his oar, when, as he supposed, the shark left the boat. In a few minutes, however, he discovered the shark making towards him in a direct line, with great speed, and immediately threw himself back in the boat. At the same instant the shark rose from the water and went directly over the boat, just clearing it, and disappearing on the other side. In this unpleasant situation Mr. L. did not remain long, but pulled for the shore with all possible despatch.

GREAT FISHING.—We understand that there has been fine fishing in the vicinity of Cohasset for several days past. On Friday, William Callender, Esq., of this city, and another gentleman, in a small boat, caught between two and three hundred mackerel, besides a large quantity of cod, haddock, tautog, perch, &c. Another party of two caught about one hundred mackerel in less than an hour. We regret to learn that our friend Callender blistered his hands in pulling the mackerel in.

Boston Com. Gazette.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE STAKE of $300, forfeit, $100, two mile heats, to run 2d Fall meeting, 1836, closed 1st of August.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes
2. R. F. Stockton names his colt "Bergen."
3. Also, his colt "Cumberland."
4. J. H. Vanmater names bl. c. "African," by Valentine, dam by Marshall Bertrand

The SWEEPSTAKES, Fall, 1836, 2d meeting, for 3 year olds *that never won a race*,—2d in race to receive back stake if 5 start. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100. Closes 1st of September.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh
2. Robt. Tillotson names ch. c. "Coronet," by Henry, out of Medoc's dam
3. I. S. Snedecor names Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon
4. J. Bathgate names c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.

Aug. 11, 1836. [a 13] ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary*.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

A SWEEPSTAKES open to all trotting horses, three mile heats, under the saddle, subscription $500, h. ft., and $200 added by the proprietor, will be trotted for on the Centreville Trotting Course, about the 1st of October next. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 10th of September next, at 7 o'clock, P.M. Entries, half forfeit, to be made with the proprietor, at Randall Smith's, Park Row, 3d door above the Park Theatre. To be governed by the rules of the Course. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

N.B. The sum of $200 will be paid by the Proprietor if two horses only shall start. Should all save one pay forfeit, then no addition will be made to the stakes by the Proprietor.

J. C.

Centreville, L. I. Aug. 13, 1836. a 13.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—*20th September.*—FIRST DAY.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

SECOND DAY.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

SECOND DAY.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry.*

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1836, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 182[illegible], got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1820, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by Pot8os—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan [illegible] was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford ma[illegible]olt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 14th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.

Huntsville, July 19, 1836. E. H. BOARDMAN.

The Nashville Republican, Lexington Observer & Reporter, Mobile Register, Natchez Courier & Journal, Montgomery Journal, Georgia Courier, Augusta and New York Spirit of the Times, will please insert the annexed advertisement once a week for six weeks, and send their papers for the time, and forward their accounts to the Advocate office, Huntsville, for payment. Each paper is requested to insert the printer's fee for advertising at the bottom

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, fall, 1836.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall, 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close the 1st of September, 1836.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To name and close by the 1st of September, 1836. Three or more to make a race.

3. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. free for colts that never won a race. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of September, 1836.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, spring 1837.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23. J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. FIRST DAY—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, SECOND DAY—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $60 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary*.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy, and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy) should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to

a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

july 2

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance.	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance.	2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper* . . .	$3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. .	50
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*. . .	$2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. .	37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (14 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.